

3 3871898

The Critic

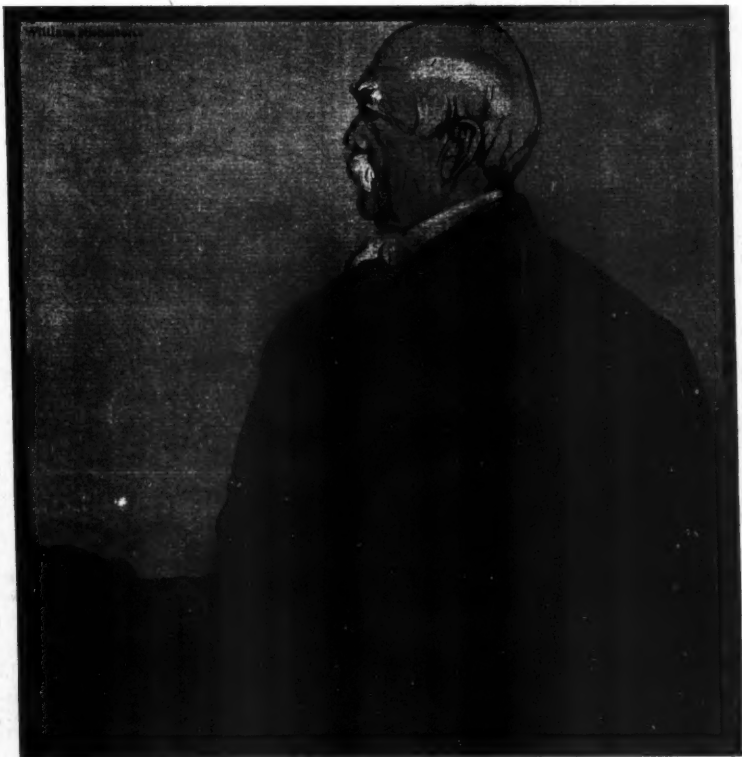
ANN ARBOR
University of Mich 14feb98
Mich

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIII
Old Series

SEPTEMBER, 1898

No. 855



Twenty
Cents
a
Copy

THE CRITIC CO.
289 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Two
Dollars
a
Year

New Books for the Fall

Mr. Mosher desires to announce that his new List of Books is now in active preparation, and will be ready for mailing to all book buyers whose names are known to him, early in October.

At present he can only briefly mention the principal additions to his various series :

The Brocade Series *3 New Volumes*

The Old World Series *4 New Volumes*

Miscellaneous *4 New Volumes*

This List will be distinguished from previous issues by unique typographical effects, and is in narrow octavo done up in French hand-made paper wrappers, with an entirely new cover design.

Those who have yet to see these editions published by Mr. Mosher should favour him with their names that this new List of Books may be mailed them, post-paid.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE.

11

.
ew
ill
es

n-

nes

nes

ous
in
oer

ub-
eir
ed

NE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLYER

COURTESY OF F. KEPPEL & CO.

My dear Young,
O. Ruckman.

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIII
Old Series

SEPTEMBER, 1898

No. 855

The Lounger

PERHAPS the most talked-of man in England to-day, barring Mr. Curzon, is Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the proprietor of thirty-three papers, including dailies, weeklies and monthlies. Within eight years Mr. Harmsworth has made a fortune, though his years are not as many as the number of his papers. Everything he has touched has succeeded. But it is not because of his successes as an editor and proprietor that he is attracting attention to-day; it is because of the merry war now raging between him and Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, the famous news-agents of England. Mr. Harmsworth has recently started a threepenny monthly magazine, and Messrs. Smith have refused to sell it at their news-stands, because there is not money enough to be made by handling it, and, also, as they have injudiciously admitted, because to do so would get them into trouble with the publishers of the sixpenny magazines, through whom they make large profits. To some publishers Messrs. Smith's attitude would have meant ruin, but not to Mr. Harmsworth. He merely smiled a pitying smile, showed the public what a grasping concern is that of Messrs. Smith, and declared war to the knife. Result, a sale of near nine hundred thousand copies of his first number, and an amount of advertising by the press of the country that money could not buy. It has been the same way with everything that Mr. Harmsworth has undertaken. When he started *The Daily Mail* at a half-penny, he was bitterly opposed because the profits to the sellers were so small, but the paper went like wild-fire, and the dealers made money out of it because they sold it in such large quantities.

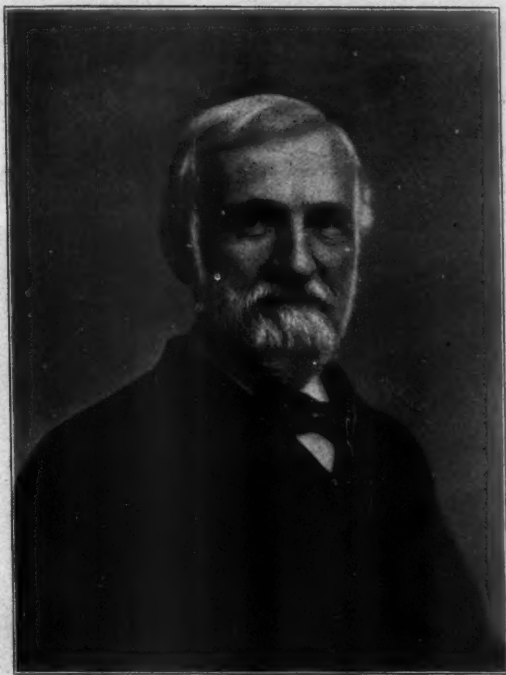
I MET Mr. Harmsworth in London, two summers ago, and he gave me the photograph here reproduced. He was then barely thirty. Young as he looks, I doubt if he will look much older for years to come. He is tall and fair, with a quiet but enthusiastic manner, and so far as I could judge in an hour's conversation, not at all spoiled by his remarkable success. He does not seem to work very hard, but he must do a great deal of planning of work for others to carry out. I learned one thing about him which may account for his youthful appearance, and that is that he spends most of his time in the country, and takes long vacations.



PHOTO. WEST, SOUTHERN

W. C. Hammond

SPEAKING OF *Harmsworth's Magazine*, "I. N. F." says in *The Tribune*:—"The advertising leaves of the magazine cannot be worth less than \$2,000 for the opening number, and this allows a sufficient margin for profit, even with the high cost of good paper and artistic illustration." I cannot help smiling at the impressive way Mr. Ford makes this statement. The advertising pages of a magazine of 900,000 circulation worth only \$2,000! American magazines of half that circulation carry, even in August, as much as \$15,000 worth of advertising, and in November and December their advertising pages must be worth \$25,000. This is rather an under- than an over-estimate, for I am averaging the pages at \$250 each, though special positions fetch as much as \$500 a page. There is one American monthly that gets \$5,000 a page, but then its page is nearly four times the size of the ordinary magazine page; but, even so, that is an enormous price. The circulation of this periodical, however, is said to be nearly if not quite 700,000. The largest price I ever heard of for a one-page advertisement was \$15,000, received by a Boston publication. The advertisement was printed in colors. This, I think, breaks the record. No wonder the English publisher looks at American advertising pages with envy.



COPYRIGHT BY ROCKWOOD

MR. ISAAC H. BROMLEY

MR. ISAAC HILL BROMLEY, who died on Aug. 11, at Norwich, Conn., where he was born on March 6, 1833, was a member of the famous Class of '53 at Yale College. It was as "Ike" Bromley that he was known to Yale *alumni* all over the United States. He studied law and was admitted to the bar; but his life was devoted almost wholly to daily journalism, his name being identified especially with that of the *New York Tribune*, to whose editorial page he was a brilliant contributor during the ten years ending in 1883 and the seven years ending with his death. His special weapons as a political writer were banter and sarcasm, of an exaggerated sort, and of these he had an almost unrivaled mastery. It made a vast difference to the reader of the *Tribune* during a heated campaign, whether he found or failed to find on the sixth page one of Bromley's fun-poking, slang-whanging editorials; and it is very unlikely that they can be replaced by anything half as mirth-provoking. He was the soul of many a Yale reunion, and will be sadly missed whenever the sons of the University assemble in the neighborhood of New York. Mr. Depew suggests that a book be collected from his writings—a suggestion that will commend itself to every Yale *alumnus*.



TO BROMLEY'S class belonged the poet Stedman, who was born at Norwich seven months later than his classmate, room-mate and life-long friend. Mr. Bromley and Mr. Stedman were suspended from Yale at nearly

the same time, "for irregularities," but were restored to their class many years afterward. On leaving New Haven they returned to Norwich. Before long Stedman, then nineteen, was making his first newspaper experiment, as editor of the *Norwich Tribune*, and Bromley occasionally lent a helping hand. It was this experience that first attracted him to journalism.

THE MOST INTERESTING book I have read upon the subject of the Philippines is that written by Mr. Joseph Earle Stevens and published by Messrs. Scribner. It tells all the little things one likes to know about an unfamiliar place, and it tells them in the liveliest manner. Mr. Stevens, after living for two years at Manila, is quite sure that we do not want the Philippines. "Do we want," he asks, "a group of 1,400 islands nearly 8,000 miles from our western shores, sweltering in the tropics, swept by typhoons and shaken by earthquakes? Do we want to undertake the responsibility of protecting those islands from the powers in Europe or the East, and of standing sponsor for the nearly 8,000,000 native inhabitants that speak a score of tongues and live on anything from rice to stewed grasshoppers?" Mr. Stevens thinks that we have enough land at home, and enough to do to take care of it. And I should not wonder if he were right. There is nothing to indicate that the frontispiece is a portrait of the author, though such I believe it to be. "How We Dress for \$2.50" is printed under it in the book. A most comfortable way, I should think, and one that might be adopted in New York in the dog-days with great satisfaction to the wearer.



MR. JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS

THE THIRD volume, which will be the last, of the Blackwood Memoirs is to be published in the Autumn.

Mrs. Oliphant, as is well known, wrote the first two volumes and probably a part of the third, though on this point I cannot speak with authority.

THE PORTRAIT of Mr. Zangwill here reproduced from *Vanity Fair* is something of a caricature, but not altogether so. Major Pond, who lent it to me, and to whom Mr. Zangwill gave it with his autograph and

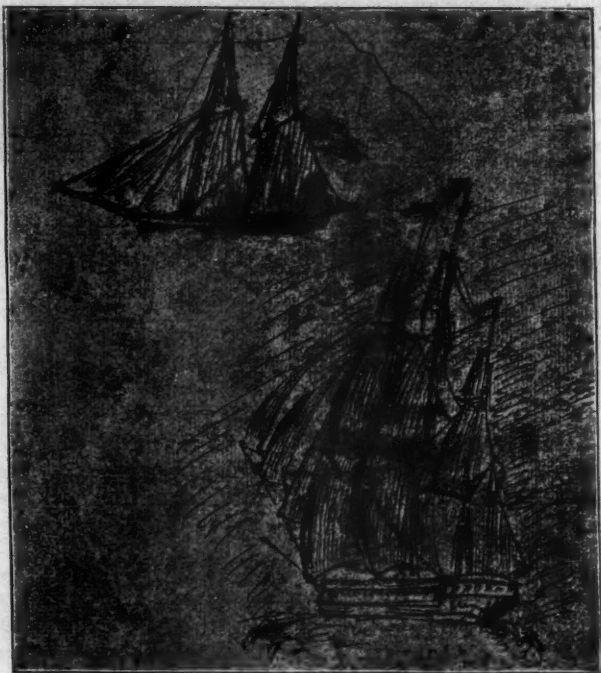
inscription, says that Mr. Zangwill likes it better than any portrait that has ever been made of him, insisting that it is the best likeness of him extant. It certainly is characteristic, no doubt about that, though not flattering. Mr. Zangwill, I understand, has written a play for Mr. Richard Mansfield—or rather has dramatized his "King of the Schnorrers." By the time this is in print, Mr. Zangwill will be in this country. He comes mainly to lecture, under Major Pond's auspices. He is a very witty and accomplished speaker, and what he says is worth hearing. I am very glad he has come, because it will make him more widely known here.

A STORY is going the rounds that Mr. Zangwill, some years ago, offered an article to an American magazine, which was at once refused, as his name was unknown in this country. The other day, the story continues, he offered it again to the same magazine, and immediately received a cable offering him "magnificent terms for the world's serial rights in the article." This is a pretty story, but I don't believe a word of it. To this day Mr. Zangwill is known only to the few, in America. By them he is highly appreciated, but his books do not sell sufficiently well over here for any publisher to offer him "magnificent terms." I have often been surprised to hear how small Mr. Zangwill's American audience is. We are the losers, certainly, for there are few more delightful essays than those that he has written, and it was in these columns that some of the most brilliant of them were published. and individual.



MR. I. ZANGWILL.

His fiction, too, is unusually polished



DON JUAN BOLIVAR
THE YACHTS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON

IN A RECENT NUMBER of *The Sketch* I find a reproduction of the yachts of Shelley and Byron. It was in the *Don Juan* that Shelley was sailing when he was drowned. The drawing was made from memory by Capt. Williams, and may now be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum. It was made, says Dr. Garnett, prior to Capt. Williams's departure for Leghorn, whence he never returned. Shelley's yacht was the *Don Juan* and Byron's was the *Bolivar*. She was an open boat, not decked like the *Bolivar*, and of a type very unsafe in such a squall as that which she encountered in the Bay of Spezia.



AMONG the Autumn announcements of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is "The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley," by Dr. Guido Biagi. The spot where Shelley's body was washed up was not precisely known, as the inscription on the monument at Boscombe Manor states that he was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia. Dr. Biagi has obtained fresh evidence from the Archives of Florence, of Lucca and Leghorn, and from certain old sailors at Viareggio, who were present at the discovery and the cremation of Shelley's remains, and at the recovery of the yacht. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of Shelley's relics presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford and to the British Museum—including the famous guitar, the sketch by Capt. Williams of the Shelley and Byron yachts, views of Casa Magni and Viareggio, and portraits of surviving witnesses of the cremation.



LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER, THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE

APROPOS of Byron is this portrait from the drawing of A. E. Chalon, R. A., of the poet's daughter, the Countess of Lovelace, whose son is now editing the new edition of Byron's complete works, published in this country by Messrs. Scribner.



THERE is more or less excitement in England over the subject of long book-reviews. Some publishers argue that too much quotation from a book spoils its sale, while others think it helps it. I should say that it depended a good deal upon the book. If all that is worth reading in a book can be squeezed into two or three columns of a newspaper, then I should expect the sale of that book to be small, but in the case of such a book as the Jowett biography or that of the late Lord Tennyson, I should say that two or three columns of contents and extracts would only whet the appetite for more. The publishers who believe that quotations kill a book have gone so far as to petition Parliament to make a law regulating the amount of matter that may be quoted. It is hardly likely, however, that Parliament will pass such a bill; it would give rise to too many complications. Mr. Murray is the champion of the "non-quotation" cause in England, which surprises me, as I should not think his books were of the sort to be hurt by copious extracts.





MR. W. S. MOODY

The Critic is not the only literary monthly in the United States. There are two others, *The Book Buyer* and *The Bookman*. *The Book Buyer* is edited by Mr. W. S. Moody and published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It is the oldest of the literary monthlies, having been started many years ago as a monthly catalogue of Messrs. Scribner's books, with a London letter from the pen of Mr. Welford, the English partner of the house. The late Mr. Edward Seymour was its first real editor. It lay dormant for a time; then Mr. F. N. Doubleday revived it, broadened its scope and added illustrations. When Mr. Doubleday gave it up, to devote all of his time to the publication of *Scribner's Magazine*, he was succeeded by Mr. W. D. Moffat. Then Mr. Moffat was assigned to another department of Messrs. Scribner's house, and Mr. Moody took the reins. Under Mr. Moody's management *The Book Buyer* has become a thing of beauty. It is handsomely printed, well illustrated, contains the contributions of many well-known writers, and is devoted strictly to books.

The Bookman, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., is comparatively young, being not more than three or four years of age, but in that time it has done good work and made itself felt. It has two editors; one might think it had three, to judge by the accompanying illustration, but Prof. Harry Thurston Peck and Mr. James MacArthur are the only editors, and have been so from the start. Prof. Peck is at the right of



PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK AND MR. JAMES MACARTHUR

the picture, Mr. MacArthur at the left. I don't know whether the photographer caught them when they were resting, or whether they have abundant leisure in the office of *The Bookman*; at any rate, they do not seem to be hurried, and yet Prof. Peck is one of the busiest men-of-letters in New York. *The Bookman* touches on more subjects than its title would imply, but that is because Prof. Peck is a man of catholic tastes. He is interested in everything, from a manuscript by Petronius to Yvette Guilbert's latest song. Mr. MacArthur's tastes run more along the quiet lines of "The Bonny Brier Bush." Being a Scotchman he is, not unnaturally, devoted to Scotch writers, and to none more than Dr. John Watson, from a collection of whose stories he has made an interesting play.

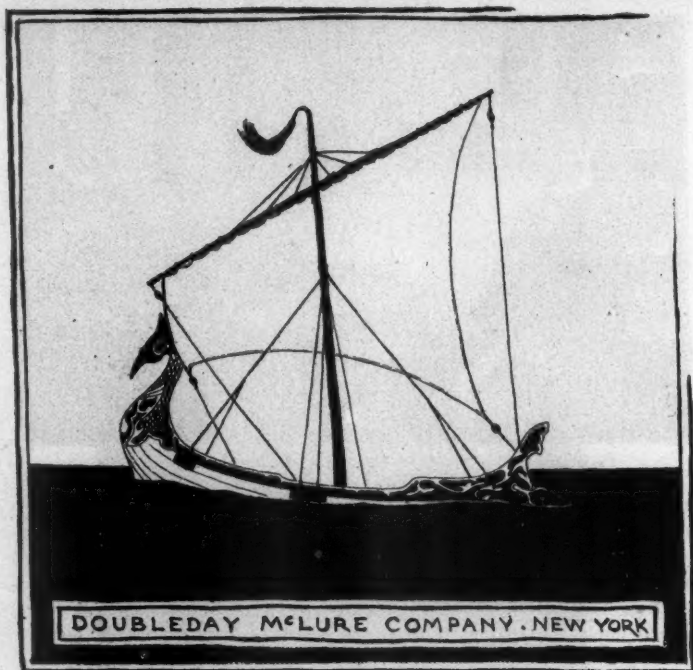


I AM DELIGHTED to hear that there is to be another Jowett volume, supplementary to the Life. It will consist entirely of Letters. The editors are Dr. Jowett's biographers, Mr. Evelyn Abbott and Prof. Lewis Campbell, who under his will were named as his literary executors. A treat may be anticipated, as Dr. Jowett's biography is one of the most fascinating books of its kind, and the Letters should be no less attractive. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. published the biography over here, so I suppose they will publish the new volume.



The Atlantic Monthly has published so much that is interesting in the way of memoirs and reminiscences, that I am not surprised to learn that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will publish her Reminiscences in the pages of that magazine—pages that gave her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to the world, as well as many other noble poems. As Mrs. Howe has known very nearly all the interesting people of her day, her Reminiscences ought to be exceptional, even for *The Atlantic*.





COPYRIGHT 1896 BY DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO.

MR. KIPLING'S DESIGN FOR COVER OF "THE DAY'S WORK"

FROM THE RECENT exhibit of Kipling autographs, I reproduce some stanzas from "The Destroyers." They show the way the first draft of a poem by Mr. Kipling looks. It doesn't go to the printer this way, but is copied out on a typewriter, so that there will be no possibility of a mistake; though Mr. Kipling's hand, small as it is, is almost as clear as type. I don't think that Mr. Kipling made this design of a ship for the cover of his new volume of stories. It has, however, been so used. I think he meant it as a sort of trademark for his friends Messrs. Doubleday & McClure, to whom he sent it when they first went into business together. It is rather amusing, considering the long friendship between Mr. McClure and Mr. Kipling, that the latter doesn't know how to spell the name of the former, but, as the lettering under the ship shows, makes it "McLure."

McLure

THERE is a rumor that Mr. Kipling is coming back to America. The time of his stay is not fixed, but I think it is doubtful that he will come at all, as he is so comfortably settled at Rottingdean. If Mrs. Kipling is wise she will stay there; for housekeeping in the country in England is much simpler than housekeeping in the country in America. I can imagine that in their far-off Vermont home, the subject must at times have assumed perplexing aspects. "The Elms" is the name of the Rottingdean place, and naturally the name is suggested by the trees that surround the house. Mr. Kipling is said to keep himself in writing condition by a three hours'

Therefore - to leave the rest ye seek
The narrow seas to cross -
Hark to the siren's siren-voice shrill -
The chosen death is here!
Afoot to your men a vague away;
Afoot midnight terror stay!
He bade that cheeks against the spray
Her crackling tops above?

Met and laid him! The low west none
The muffled knocking starts -
The steam that belches through the frame -
The form that throbs to throb -
The song that clothes the deep about -
The day that clothes her throat
Tide, streaks with oak and shells with oil.
The backward whirlpool close!

a shroud down the richland in
Long and her slayer, far,
And in her clanking girth his name
Athen, when a dead
Dance that shells the drifting star
And now and now to chief
Had her that rates the low, being star
Or through a combed' deck

How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,

How white their silks, how long their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their
How far their wings, how far their

The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong
The strong the strong the strong

How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,
How wide the deep, how far, how far,

ride in the morning and a walk of from five to six miles later in the day.
No wonder he can do good work with his pen!

THE LONDON PHOTOGRAPHER who seems to have taken the place of
Mrs. Cameron is Mr. Frederick Hollyer, who makes a specialty of por-

COPYRIGHT 1898 BY DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO.
FACSIMILE OF PART OF MS. OF MR. KIPLING'S POEM "THE DESTROYERS"

traits of literary people and artists. Last month *The Critic* reproduced his portrait of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This month I take pleasure in reproducing the portrait of Mr. Ruskin which he went to Coniston to make. (See frontispiece.) It certainly is very fine, and I am not surprised that it was the photographic sensation of London, last winter. I see that Mr. Ruskin has just contributed £10 to the fund for buying a Burne-Jones picture for the English nation. Mr. Ruskin has always been an admirer of Burne-Jones's work, which he used to purchase when it could be bought for as many shillings as it now brings pounds.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, Mr. Ruskin's publisher, is about to issue a cheap edition of "Præterita." The first edition appeared about twelve years ago and was sold in parts, which, in this country, were very expensive. I remember that I subscribed for it, and it is the last thing in parts that I shall ever subscribe for; for parts get lost, and a great many more are issued than you think will be the case when you subscribe, and altogether it is very trying. I much prefer to wait until a thing is finished, and then buy it outright. The amusing thing about "Præterita" is that Mr. Ruskin intended it for the workingman to read, and published it in two volumes at thirteen shillings each, which, of course, was a prohibitory price for any workingman. Now it is to be published in two five-shilling volumes. This is better suited to the workingman's purse, but I doubt if even those workingmen who can afford to buy it will read the book, notwithstanding the charm of its contents.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting articles that have been written about the late Prince Bismarck is that which Mrs. Kinnicutt wrote for *The Century* for November 1893. Mrs. Kinnicutt knew Bismarck well and often dined at his table. In the course of one of their dinner-table conversations, he said:—

"The Americans to my mind have overdone the Columbus worship. The Norwegians were the first discoverers and settlers of America. Columbus was a map and chart-maker, and before setting out on his own voyage had positive proof of the existence of other continents, and it would have been far better for America and her early history had the settlement continued to be by Norwegians and other hardy tribes from the North. The Spaniards made a bad beginning in America."

In the light of recent occurrences he might have added, "and a bad ending, also." He talked with Mrs. Kinnicutt about his old friends Motley and Bancroft. "I learned much from Bancroft," he said. "My gardens here and at Vazin are full of his roses, and my fruit trees are pruned as he taught me to prune them, and Motley! what a gentle, refined nature was his, and what good times we had at Göttingen. Bayard Taylor, too, was a fine man. Ah, me! they are all gone!" Mr. William Nicholson's portrait of Bismarck, which I am permitted to print by the courtesy of Mr. R. H. Russell, is as strong and characteristic as any I have seen. I don't know whether Mr. Nicholson ever saw Bismarck, but he certainly has caught his characteristics.



PRINCE BISMARCK

THE BOOK FOR WHICH all publishers are now angling is Bismarck's Memoirs. For years, to my knowledge, publishers in every country of the world have been sending representatives to Germany to see what they could do about getting this great book. No one seems to be able to find out very much about it, however. It is not even known whether it really consists of memoirs written by Bismarck himself, or under his eye. Now the London *Daily News's* Berlin correspondent states that the house of Cotta at Leipzig has had the manuscript under lock and seal awaiting Bismarck's death, and that the book will probably be published as soon as it can be translated into half a dozen languages. I. N. F. writes to the *Tribune* that private despatches have been received by the publishers in London from the Cotta firm expressing doubt respecting the existence of these Memoirs, and stating positively that the book has not been purchased by them; so the whole thing is as mysterious to-day as it was before Bismarck's death. I think it is pretty certain that there is something in the way of a Bismarck manuscript, but it may be some time before we learn much about it.

Scribner's Magazine is to be congratulated on having secured the

serial rights in Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, publication of which will probably begin in January. It will not be all of the biography; that would probably take too much space, as between the "Life" and the "Letters" there are some 360,000 words. Mrs. Stevenson, I am told, will give Mr. Colvin the benefit of her advice on "the many delicate personal questions that arise in the narrative." Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Mr. Stevenson's stepson, is bringing out a little vellum-bound volume, with a "flap and fastenings," that may be carried about in the pocket of a man's coat, on the few pages of which will be printed sentences from Stevenson's writings bearing upon the conduct of his life. A curious volume, I should think, and one that will not have a very wide sale. Another volume that Mr. Osbourne is said to be engaged upon is a Stevenson reader, which will contain selections from Stevenson's writings arranged especially for use in schools.

IN A RECENT NUMBER OF *The Illustrated London News* Mr. Shorter suggested that Stevenson's house at Samoa should be removed to Edinburgh. *The Academy* prints an array of facts that would seem to make Mr. Shorter's suggestion impossible to carry out:—"the house cost in timber alone—the finest Californian redwood—about £3,000; and the dining-room is fifty feet long, twenty-five feet broad, and fifteen feet high, and is capable of seating a considerable dining club. It will thus be seen that the Edinburgh ground rent involved would speedily swallow the funds already subscribed towards the Stevenson memorial."

I FIND ANOTHER Stevenson paragraph in *The British Weekly*, where Dr. Nicoll says that "among London literary men there is great dissatisfaction at the proposed monument." "It is to be erected in what is, after all, simply a Presbyterian church of one of the three denominations of Scottish Presbyterians. It is felt that the memorial should have taken a more popular form, and that it should have stood in the open air." Dr. Nicoll thinks the great mistake in connection with the matter has been that the plan was not definitely decided upon before subscriptions were asked for. His idea is that a modest statue in Princes Street was much the best of the plans, and for that he is sure there would have been no difficulty in getting the necessary funds.

I AM GLAD to hear on the best authority that there is no truth in the report that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is collaborating with Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar in writing a comic opera. Mr. Riley is busy writing, but it is upon a new volume of poems that he is engaged.

THE BRITISH WEEKLY understands that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proprietor of *Pearson's Weekly* and *Pearson's Magazine*, the one sold at a penny the other at sixpence, is about to follow the example of Mr. Harmsworth in publishing a three-penny magazine. It is said, by others, that he will print a million copies of the first number and spend £20,000 in advertising it.



PHOTO. BY SCHILLARE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

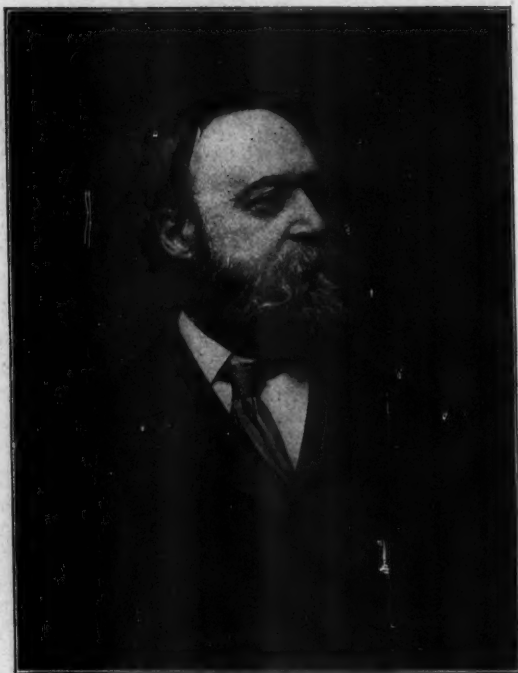
MR. BARRIE AND MR. CABLE

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has returned to his home in Northampton, Mass., after a three-months' visit to England, where, if the London papers are to be believed, he had an unusually good time. In a recent interview published in the *Boston Transcript* he said:—

"The only complaint that the English make against us Americans is that we do not take ourselves seriously enough; that we do not appreciate our own greatness. As an example, they point to the fact that the American newspapers use expressions of surprise at the success of our arms in the present war. They say that the papers seem to regard it as quite an unexpected thing that our soldiers and sailors should be cool under fire and should display such heroism and excellence of discipline. In England they regard such traits as a matter of course."

While Mr. Cable was abroad he shaved his beard, but before he went abroad, while his beard was still with him, he and Mr. J. M. Barrie had a photograph taken together. It is very good of both of these well-known authors. By the way, I wonder which is the taller, Mr. Barrie or Mr. Cable? I should think they were of the same height, though you cannot tell from the picture.

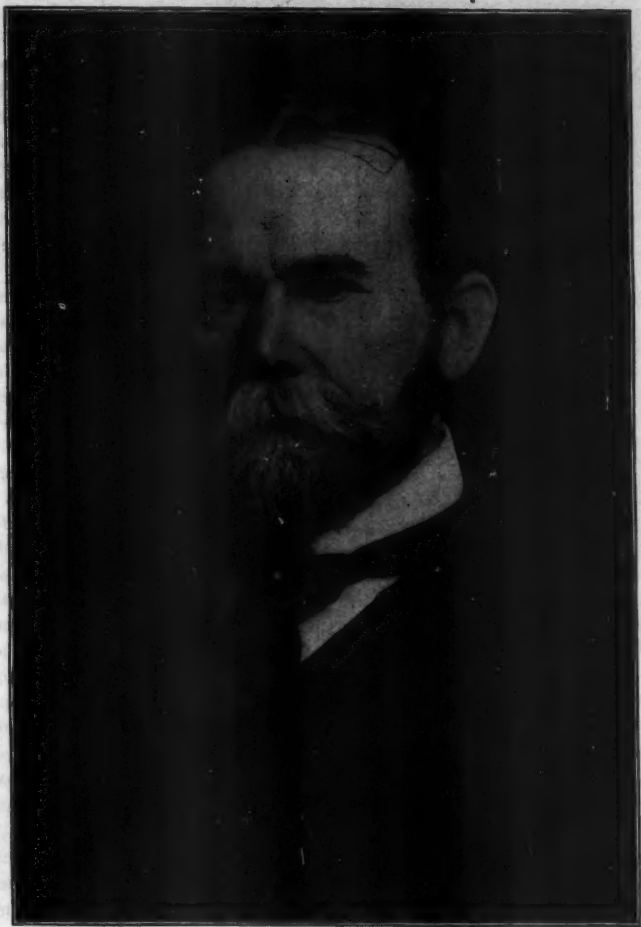
MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. have recently published the *Life* of the late W. G. Wills, "dramatist and painter," who, however, was better known in this country as a dramatist. Mr. Wills's best-known play is probably "The Man o' Airlie," though his brother, who is also his



MR. W. G. WILLS

biographer, says it was never a financial success. Mr. Wills wrote "Charles I." for Sir Henry Irving, and before that had made a very successful adaptation, from the French, of "Medea," which was played by Miss Kate Bateman, whose father was then the manager of the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Wills, it is said, was very slow in paying his bills. If a man to whom he owed five pounds should ask him for it, he would postpone the payment; but if the man came to him and told him he was "hard up" and wanted to be helped out of a difficulty, he would hand him a handful of sovereigns and tell him to help himself. One of the latest, if not the best, of Mr. Wills's dramatizations was "Olivia," which was so beautifully played by Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, though I believe it was originally written for Mr. Hare and Miss Terry. In the course of twenty years Mr. Wills wrote thirty-two dramas, for which, according to his own computation, he received about twelve thousand pounds—not as much as Mr. Barrie is said to have made from "The Little Minister" alone.

THE LONDON *Daily Chronicle* thinks that England is rapidly becoming Americanized, because it finds this "Notice to Bathers" nailed up on the walls of a newly opened seaside hotel:—"Ladies and gentlemen desiring to bathe together can do so in front of the new wall, if dressed in full bathing-suits."

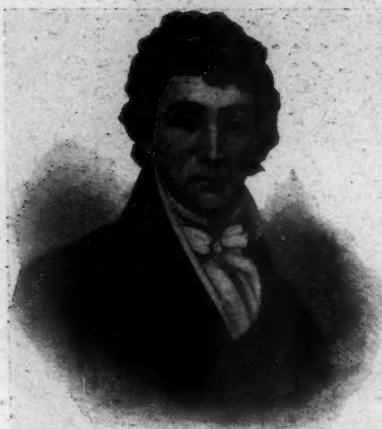


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC

COPYRIGHT 1897 BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY

THE HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE

THE FACT THAT the Secretaryship of State is the highest office in the President's gift, will probably prevent Mr. McKinley's giving Mr. John Hay another appointment after he has served for a year or so at the head of the State Department. If there were any higher post to which he could assign him, he would be tempted to do so by the universal applause which greeted his appointment of Mr. Hay as Ambassador to England last year, and the unanimity of praise with which his promotion of the Ambassador has been received. It is, in fact, an ideal appointment, and everyone concerned is to be congratulated upon it, except our English cousins, and perhaps Mr. Hay himself, who leaves the pleasantest berth in the diplomatic service to undertake more arduous labors and heavier responsibilities.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

well brushed and his face perfectly clean. As a matter of fact, he was as grimy as a stoker at the time, and his hair was much more like that of a bushman than that of a man entering a drawing-room. Moreover, he did not let himself down over the side of the Merrimac, because the collier was under the water when he left it. Yet again, neither he nor his men stood on the catamaran, which was partly submerged, owing to the shortness of the rope by which it was attached to the mast of the ship. They clung to it for over an hour, their bodies being under water at the time. No doubt this picture will please the average reader much better than one less picturesque but more correct. I wonder, by the way, what the people who used to sneer at the late George William Curtis for "parting his hair in the middle" will have to say of Lieut. Hobson, who not only parts his hair in the middle but takes as much care as a woman would of his strong and shapely hands.

ONE NEED NOT BE a very ardent believer in the significance of names, it seems to me, to see something stimulating and suggestive in the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson!

SIR WALTER BESANT is triumphant because almost everybody agrees with him now that the publisher—that is, the English publisher—is not over-generous in his treatment of authors. The drafts of the forms of agreement recently issued by the Publishers' Association has called forth loud and deep expressions of disgust, and Sir Walter has received many letters on the subject, none more to the point than that from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who says:—"I have seen the draft contracts. Nothing that you or *The Author*, or the whole Association, has ever done to, or said about, the publisher will condemn him half as thoroughly as his own notions of fairness set forth for him, by his own lawyer, in his own way. Can one say more than that?" One might say a good deal more than that, but he couldn't say it in a way that would be more to the point.

A RECENT NUMBER OF *The Criterion* gives a colored lithograph of Lieut. Hobson in the act of letting himself down over the side of the Merrimac on to a catamaran, where several natty-looking sailors stand waiting for him with uplifted oars. While this picture is meant as a compliment to Lieut. Hobson and his brave men, it is not historically correct. In the first place, the artist has made the daring officer look as though he had just come from a barber-shop; his hair is neatly parted, his mustache

A MONUMENT to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," designed by Mr. Alexander Doyle of New York, was unveiled in Mount Olivet Cemetery, in his native city, Frederick, Md., on the 8th of August. The veil was lifted by his granddaughter, Julia McHenry Howard of Baltimore. Mr. Henry Watterson delivered the oration on this interesting occasion. If there has ever been a doubt about "The Star-Spangled Banner" being our National anthem, it must have been dispelled since the late war began.



MONUMENT TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES, who is said to be the original of one of Du Maurier's "Three Musketeers of the Brush," is about to bring out a second volume of his *Reminiscences*. His first volume dealt entirely with Du Maurier, with whom he was an art-student at Antwerp and Paris. The second volume will relate especially to his own boyhood in England and Germany. The father of Mr. Moscheles was a distinguished musician and drew many distinguished musicians about him, Mendelssohn being the one with whom his name is most intimately associated.

I AM VERY PLEASED to see that Miss Annie Russell has made such a success at the Garrick Theatre, London. Miss Russell has a great many admirers in this country, but she has never had the enthusiastic appreciation over here that she has enjoyed in London. The average American theatre-goer seemed to like her in "Dangerfield, '95" rather than in better parts, but her friends lamented her appearance as the heroine of that "curtain-raiser," and preferred to think of her in "Esmeralda," Tennyson's "Elaine," (arranged for the stage by the late Mr. George P. Lathrop), and in Mr. Bret Harte's "Sue." Miss Russell's appearance in London was, one might say, almost accidental. She had tried a melodrama at a matinee in New York, and it was a failure, for melodrama is not in her line, and this was not a particularly good play of its sort. Mr. Charles Frohman was in London and wanted a short piece to put on before Mr. Gillette's "Too Much Johnson." He cabled to Miss Russell, and



COPYRIGHT 1898 BY HOLLINGER & CO.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

she set sail on two days' notice. She appeared in "Dangerfield, '95" and was very highly spoken of, but the play was not well received. Mr. Frohman saw, however, that she only needed a good part to make a London success. "Sue" was produced, and it would seem that there are not strong enough adjectives in the English language to express the opinion of London critics on her performance. Now Miss Russell is established as a London favorite, and that is as great a success as an actress need want, for once a favorite there, always a favorite. English audiences are not fickle.

ALTHOUGH MISS RUSSELL has received all her dramatic training in this country, she is not an American. She came here, however, when a small child, but was born in Liverpool of an Irish mother and English father. She made her first appearance on the stage in this country and has always been appreciated by the discriminating. Artists, particularly, have admired her, and I recall a very striking portrait of her painted some time ago by Mr. John W. Alexander. The portrait given here was taken by Mr. Hollinger just before Miss Russell sailed for England. She has been visiting Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett at her country home Maytham Hall, Rolvenden, Kent. Miss Russell, who arrived in this city on Aug. 25, will make her re-entrance upon the New York stage in "Catherine," a new play that Mr. Frohman has secured for her, an adaptation from the French of Henri Lavedan. In the spring she will return to London, where she will appear in the same play, if it proves as successful as it is expected to.



MME. MICHELET

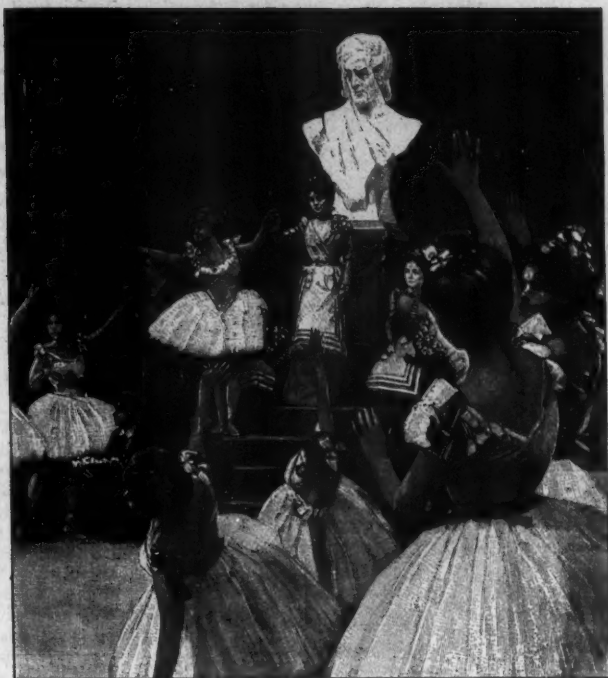
IT SEEMS CURIOUS that, although the centennial of the birth of M. Jules Michelet has just been celebrated in France, his widow is still living; but then it must be remembered that Michelet was many years older than his second wife. This portrait of Mme. Michelet, from a recent photograph, is reproduced from *L'Illustration*. A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes this interesting description of Mme. Michelet's home in Paris, which overlooks the gardens of the Luxembourg:—

"One of the first things that struck me," says the writer, "when I went into the dining-room was a large empty aviary. I almost guessed, what she told me afterwards, that it was the one where they had their birds during the time they wrote '*L'Oiseau*' together. In the introduction to '*L'Oiseau*' Michelet gives the story of his second marriage with this young delicate girl, half Creole by her mother; and she herself writes in this preface the story of her own childhood. Michelet must have been between

fifty and sixty, and she quite a girl. They worshipped each other. Michelet says it was she who taught him the love of Nature, and all those books, '*L'Oiseau*,' '*L'Insecte*,' '*La Mer*'—are hers as much as his. She is," adds the writer, "a beautiful woman still, though, of course, she must be past sixty. She has very fine features and hazel eyes, and a colorless waxen skin: the face just expresses the life of devotion to a dead love which is evidently hers."

APROPOS OF THE new edition of Michelet's "*L'Oiseau*," his widow is quoted as saying that when he had finished the closing chapter of his history of the Revolution he showed serious symptoms of overwork. For complete change of thought she suggested that he should write a sort of prose poem on the birds. In reply, he urged her to write the book herself. When she set about doing it, he became interested, added a touch here, turned a phrase there, and "sprinkled gold-dust over the whole."

THIS IS A French idea for celebrating the centennial of a distinguished historian. If it were Offenbach or Strauss to whom these ladies of the ballet were doing homage it would not be so inappropriate, but when the subject is a man of Michelet's calibre it seems rather out of keeping. The lady with the apron on is I suppose the Muse, though I



BEAUTY PRESENTING THE MUSE OF PARIS TO THE PEOPLE
(MICHELET CENTENNIAL FÊTES)

doubt if Muses outside of France wear aprons. If the text did not describe her as a Muse I should think her a trained nurse.



DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL devotes three columns in *The British Weekly* to the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, and although he admits that his personal acquaintance with her was slight, and limited to her last years, he has made the most interesting article I have read about her. He found her "most genial and communicative, although most sensitive and ready to take offence where none was meant, and be suspicious when there were no grounds for suspicion." He speaks particularly of her friendships, which were many and interesting. Of these the most "wonderful," to quote Dr. Nicoll, "was that with Walter Savage Landor." Landor acted as a father towards her, and although their tempers at times clashed, it did not take them long to "make up." "He took her to Bath and gave her a whole season of balls, chaperoning her as if he had been her real father." Of Landor, writes Dr. Nicoll, "she had a high opinion although she saw his faults. In his own life, he told her, he had had four supreme loves, loves which shaped and colored his life both for good and evil, but he was never a man of coarse tastes or gross passions." She also knew Dickens very well and liked and respected him. "His great fault in her opinion was a strain of hardness in his nature. His pride



From "Authors' Portrait Catalogue."

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON

was passionate, and he never forgave where he thought he had been slighted." Thackeray she liked even better, regarding him "as generous, indolent, loving, tender-hearted and flexible." She also knew George Eliot, but did not like her.

MRS. LINTON had a home at Malvern where she spent most of her time during the last years of her life, but she always kept her apartment in Queen Anne Mansions, the only "sky-scraper" in London, an ugly though comfortable building not far from St. James's Park; and there it was that she died, not in her own rooms, but in those of friends. She left a little fortune, not all made by her own pen, for some came to her by legacies. Her writing-desk she willed to Miss Beatrice Harraden, whom she mentions in her last novel, "One Too Many." It was Mrs. Linton's boast that she never kept the press waiting. She always had her "copy" ready on time and it was carefully prepared and needed no revision. She rewrote with her own hand each of her long stories at least three times. She began her day with a breakfast of bread and strong coffee, and worked for nine hours with very little intermission. Of course she did not keep this up to the end, but she was far from being a young woman when she worked at this exhausting rate.

MRS. VOYNICH has consented to allow her portrait to be published, and I take pleasure in being the first to publish it, thanks to the courtesy of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. Of course an author could not write a book as popular as "The Gadfly" without following it up by another, but when Mrs. Voynich began writing the novel that is to succeed "The Gadfly," that remarkable story had not made its success, so that she cannot be accused of rushing in to take advantage of popular favor. The new

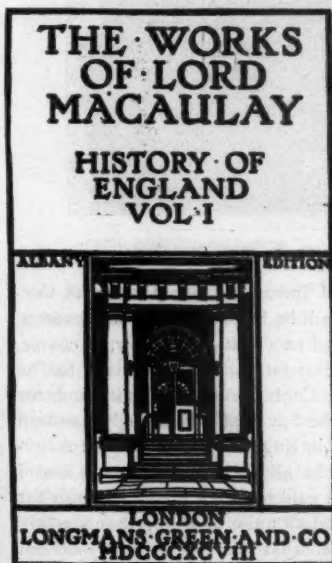
story, though begun a year or more ago, was not finished when her English publisher spoke to me about it, so the paragraphs in the newspapers describing its contents are altogether premature. As soon as the new novel is finished Mrs. Voynich will begin the dramatization of "The Gadfly," which she will have to edit very carefully, for an audience will resent what a reader may not object to. Religion is the most delicate subject for stage handling, and there are scenes in "The Gadfly" that could never be reproduced on the stage, but without these there is enough left to make a very strong melodrama.



MRS. E. L. VOYNICH

AUTHORS ARE MORE than ever stricken by the play-writing fever. There is scarcely a book that has any kind of a plot that is not turned into a play before it is many weeks old. Mr. Hope, I believe, is dramatizing "Rupert of Hentzau" himself. Mr. Edward Rose dramatized "The Prisoner of Zenda," and did it well; but I suppose Mr. Hope thinks it is foolish to let anyone reap the harvest that might as well go into his pocket. Though he may not be as successful a dramatist as Mr. Rose, his dramatization can easily be put into acting shape by a dramatic hack. I understand that Mr. Kipling's "Light that Failed" has been dramatized for Miss Olga Nethersole by Mr. George Fleming, and that Mr. Kipling has approved of the dramatization. Mr. Max Pemberton's latest novel "Kronstadt" is being dramatized by the author. Mr. Hall Caine, as everyone knows, has dramatized "The Christian," and Miss Viola Allen will make her appearance as "Glory Quayle" in Washington on the 26th of this month. Mr. Caine, it is said, is coming to this country to rehearse the play and be present at the first performance. There are all sorts of stories, by the way, about Mr. Caine's new novel. It is said that he intends to publish it in some strange fashion, or rather three strange fashions—first class, second class, and third class—"you pay your money and take your choice,"—all to appear at the same time, but to appeal to various publics on account of the difference in price. I can hardly think there is any truth in this rumor. Should it prove true I am afraid that Mr. Caine would find all his readers travelling third class.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE was led, so I am told, to become his own dramatist by the fact that so much money has been made by others than himself out of his plays. It is said that he was invited by Mr. George Alexander to visit him at his country place, a newly acquired mansion with grounds, that filled Mr. Hope with delight and envy. When he was expressing his admiration of the place, Mr. Alexander, with a friendly pat upon the back, said: "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" Then Mr. Hope came to New York and dined with Mr. Sothern, in his new house purchased and furnished at large expense; and again he was struck with admiration by the way actors live, and made some remark to show that he appreciated such luxuries. "Made it all out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,'" said Mr. Sothern; at which Mr. Hope groaned. Reflecting that his play had enabled two actors to live in palaces while the author had not even a house of his own, he now proposes to make all the money he can out of his books by becoming his own dramatist. Mr. Sothern, by the way, has just opened his season at the Lyceum Theatre by appearing in Mr. Hope's "Adventure of Lady Ursula."



A NEW EDITION of Macaulay's works will be among the publications of the autumn, in London. It is to be called "The Albany" edition, for the reason that the author lived from 1841 to 1856 in what has been described as "that luxurious cloister whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of Piccadilly traffic." Macaulay occupied E1, second floor, and there wrote his essays on Warren Hastings and Clive, and part of the History of England, besides revising and correcting the "Lays" and "Speeches." The title-page of this edition, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., has a drawing of the portico of the Albany.

MR. LIONEL CUST, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, has selected the portraits for the Albany edition of Macaulay. Among them will be a reproduction of Sir John Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which is the property of Lord Rosebery, and which the English papers say has never been reproduced. Unless I mistake, it was reproduced in the last number of *The Critic*. That may not be the one owned by Lord Rosebery, but it is a portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted by Millais, and was reproduced here from an article on portraits of Mr. Gladstone published some years ago in *The Magazine of Art*.



PHOTO. BARNARD, LONDON

THE HON. GEORGE N. CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA

THE NEWLY APPOINTED Viceroy of India, the Hon. George N. Curzon, is well known as an author. Even if he had never gone into politics, he would still have become distinguished as a writer; but now, of course, he is known as a man of affairs to thousands who do not know that he ever wrote a book. His "Russia in Central Asia," "Persia and the Persian Question" and "Problems of the Far East" are already standard works. It is interesting to know that, in English court circles an American woman ranks next to the Queen. In all the English papers that I have seen, the highest compliments are paid to Mrs. Curzon, not only for beauty, but for intelligence and tact, and all unite in saying that she will make an admirable Vice-Empress. Just what her title will be, I do not venture to say. There is some authority, however, for calling the Viceroy's wife Vicequeen.

IT HAS BEEN RUMORED that Mr. Henry Norman intended to change the title of his book "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" in its next edition, as it conflicted with the title of Mr. Curzon's "Problems of the Far East," but this is denied by *The Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Norman's own paper. As a matter of fact, the title was changed, for this very reason, before the book's first appearance.



PHOTO. ALICE HUGHES, LONDON

MRS. GEORGE N. CURZON

AS A USUAL THING we only learn of the "real" man after his death, generally many years after; we have had "The Real Lord Byron," "The Real George Washington," and we are going to have two books about "The Real Benjamin Franklin." Mr. Carlyle Smythe, however, does not seem to think it worth while to wait until a man dies to show his real self to the public, so in the current *Pall Mall Magazine* he gives us the "real" Mark Twain, and this real Mark Twain, he would have us believe, is not a humorist, but a very serious-minded man, who cares more for "The Prince and the Pauper" and "Joan of Arc" than for all the "Huckleberry Finns" and "Pudd'n-Head Wilsons" he has ever written, and this enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Clemens's other self thinks that "if the Democrats ever come into office again, they might do much worse than to send S. L. Clemens to St. James's." This leads me to think that Mr. Smythe himself is a bit of a humorist. That Mark Twain prefers his historical to his humorous writings is not at all astonishing. Edwin Booth preferred his comedy to his tragedy, and the late John T. Raymond, the popular comedian, believed that he could play Hamlet with success. An amusing autograph of Mr. Clemens's is given in this article:—

"One ought *never* to tell a lie.*

"Truly yours, MARK TWAIN.

"* Except for practice."

This is not as clever as "Be good, and you will be lonesome," because it is not so true, but it is amusing.



MISS GERTRUDE HALL

ON ANOTHER PAGE is given a review of M. Rostand's much-acted and much-read play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Mr. Mansfield will produce at the Garden Theatre on the 3rd of next month. As I have said before, Miss Gertrude Hall has made the translation for him, but this is not the only one that will be put upon the American market. Mr. R. H. Russell announces one by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard, published also in London, by Mr. Heineman. It seems rather odd in these days of international copyright that this most popular of recent plays has not been copyrighted in this country. Miss Elizabeth Marbury is acting in the interests of M. Rostand, to whom Mr. Mansfield has agreed to pay a royalty, having already paid a certain sum in advance. Not everybody can play this extremely difficult rôle, so it is not likely that Mr. Mansfield will find many rivals in the field. The portrait of Miss Hall presented herewith was taken by Mr. Vivian Burnett, the son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. While I do not suppose that Miss Hall is always sitting on a piazza railing, I am glad she was this once, for Mr. Burnett has made a charming picture of her.



A NEW BOOK by Mr. Thomas Hardy will soon be forthcoming. This is good news, even though the book be made up of short stories which have already appeared in the magazines. Mr. Hardy is, however, at work on a new novel, which I am very glad to hear is not to be in the manner of "Jude" or "Tess," but rather in that of his earlier, finer story—"Far from the Madding Crowd."





IN AN INTERESTING ARTICLE on "The Three Vernets" published in the July number of *The International Studio*, I find this portrait sketch of Sir Walter Scott by Horace Vernet. As it had never before been published, I asked for and have received permission to reproduce it. Vernet's pencil portraits are said to be innumerable, but little known, because they have been jealously preserved in family portfolios; but the writer in the *Studio* thinks they are perhaps of even greater interest than his oil portraits. They are certainly characteristic, if the examples given in this article are representative.

PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS writes in *The Forum* on "New Trials for Old Favorites," arguing that if some of our old favorites were weighed in the balance by modern authorities, they would not hold the same place that they so long held by virtue of isolation. This is an old argument of Prof. Matthews's, and one that has been made by Mr. Howells also. In part it is true. That is why it is well to read some of the classics of literature when one is young. I read "The Vicar of Wakefield" before I was fifteen, and loved every page of it; but I doubt if I could read it now. Certainly if I did it would not be with the same enjoyment; but still it goes against me to hear anyone poke fun at a book that I enjoyed so much and have always regarded with affection. "Much of our reverence for the classics," Prof. Matthews thinks, "is a sham, due to our sheeplike unwillingness to think for ourselves," and doubtless this is true. A good deal of praise is bestowed on books that no one reads. We do not all of us say, "Whenever a new book is published, I read an old one." How busy, by the way, a man would be kept who did this! There were over four thousand new books published in America last year. If any one read over four thousand old ones, he did well. Prof. Matthews is bold enough to say that Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" appears to him "to be a work of extraordinary merit, and a better book of the same kind than 'Gil Blas,' richer in humor and informed by a riper humanity." It is a good book—a very good book; but—to paraphrase Mr. Whistler—why drag in "Gil Blas?"



M. RODIN'S BUST OF HUGO

Salon. In one instance a work refused under one title was accepted under another.

IT IS ONLY FAIR to M. Rodin to show that he can do different work from his statue of Balzac, recently published in these columns. But even that I have heard defended by artists—for its suggestiveness, rather than any other quality. The bust of Victor Hugo will give any one unacquainted with M. Rodin's work a very good idea of its strength. There is more of his work in the June number of *The International Studio*, from which this bust is taken, by permission. It is intimated, by the way, that M. Rodin may exhibit the Balzac, later on, under some such title as "Genius" or "The Writer." Should he do so, its reception would be very different from what it was last spring. There are precedents for such a rechristening at the

ALL OPERA-GOERS will remember the late Mme. Ambre who sang the rôle of "Aida" at the old Academy of Music. Mme. Ambre was very extensively advertised as a friend of the King of Holland, and that seemed to be her only claim to distinction; that and a rather handsome face. The old King, being infatuated with her, gave her quantities of pictures, jewelry and furniture which adorned her home in Paris. Since her death these have all been sold at the Hotel Drouot, whither all things earthly seem at some time to find their way.

FRENCH PUBLISHERS have taken to illustrating books by what is called "photography from nature," something after the manner of Mr. Alexander Black's illustrations for "Miss Jerry," real people posing for the scenes and being photographed. Probably the reason Mr. Black illustrated his book in this manner is that the pictures suggested the book rather than the book the pictures. Another book that I recall which is illustrated in the same way is "The Eternal Enigma," supposed to have been written by Mlle. Yvette Guilbert. Yvette posed for the heroine of the story herself, and the man whom she married posed for the hero. This is the only other book that I know of illustrated in this way, but then it is an extraordinary book, and one could hardly be surprised at anything concerning it.

The Late Dr. Georg Ebers at Home

A Visit to the Villa near Starnberg Lake *

(Written before the author's death, which was announced on Aug. 8.)

PROFESSOR GEORG EBERS, or Dr. Ebers, as he is more commonly called, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his birth on 1 March 1897, when good wishes reached him from all parts of the world, and seventeen of the scholars to whom he has given life-work and inspiration as Egyptologists united in the publication of a volume containing seventeen original essays upon Egyptological matters, all dedicated to Ebers as their master and friend.

Probably nine-tenths of the world think of Dr. Ebers chiefly as a novelist; his audience of readers is world-wide. But there is a smaller if not less important world in which Ebers is known only as the man of science, the indefatigable student of all that pertains to ancient Egypt, the accurate observer and keen analyst, the discoverer of one of the most notable Egyptian finds of this generation, the Papyrus Ebers. And I am inclined to think that Dr. Ebers prefers his fame as a savant rather than as a romance-writer. If called upon to choose he would rather sacrifice "The Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Serapis," and the rest of his many romances, in order to save his books and monographs upon Egypt. He tells me that he cannot choose between the two—he enjoys both science and romance,—but at the same time he confesses that the greatest sorrow of his life was when he was compelled to give up his classes at the University of Leipzig. "Never," he said, "had a man better or more grateful pupils than I had; and never did a man enjoy his teaching more than I did mine."

Only an inexorable fate, a bodily weakness against which it was impossible to fight, could have taken Dr. Ebers away from this beloved class-room work of his, the mere mention of which is sufficient to fill his face with enthusiasm.

Most readers and admirers of Ebers know much of his life through the autobiographical sketch he published a few years ago, and yet it may be worth while, before saying something about his life of to-day, to review briefly the salient facts of his career. Georg Ebers was born in Berlin on the 1st of March, 1837, soon after the death of his father, who was a banker and manufacturer, of excellent family. Fortunately for him his mother was a woman of strong character and much intellectual strength. Among her friends were the best men and women in the literary and scientific world of Berlin, notably the two Grimms, who lived for years in the same house with the Ebers and from whom the young boy perhaps caught some of his poetic fancy. After the customary schooling at Kottbus and Qued-

*AUTHORS AT HOME: NEW SERIES.—Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, 18 Dec. 1897. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, 15 Jan. 1898. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Feb. 19. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, March 5. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, April 2. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, April 16. Mr. E. L. Godkin, April 20. Capt. A. T. Mahan, May 28. Mrs. James T. Fields, June 4. Miss Edith M. Thomas, June 18. Mrs. Deland, July-Aug.



GEORG EBERS

By courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., Dr. Ebers's American publishers

linburg young Ebers went to Göttingen to study law. It seems that he was not quite the model student until a long illness due to exposure and cold took much of the boisterousness of youth out of him. During his convalescence he was introduced by Jacob Grimm to the famous Egyptologist Lepsius, in whose studies he began to take a deep interest. Finally this interest grew to enthusiasm and he became absorbed in the work, studying under Brugsch as well as under Lepsius, fierce rivals though the two men were, and getting what was good from both of them. It was as a relaxation from exhausting labor upon Egyptian studies that Ebers first took to romancing and wrote, in 1864, the book known to English readers as "The Egyptian Princess." He was not quite sure whether or not a savant was warranted in devoting time to works of the imagination; but the poet and romancer was too strong in him to be wholly suppressed and he had the approval of the novelist Auerbach, who read the book in MS. and advised Ebers to change the title from "Nititis," the name of the heroine, to "Die Egypten Koenigs Tochter." Lepsius received a copy of the novel with marked signs of disapproval, but after deigning to read it changed his mind and admitted that there was sound learning as well as good poetry in it. For the next ten years, notwithstanding the extraordinary success of "The Egyptian Princess," Ebers steadfastly declined all invitations to write another romance. He devoted himself wholly to science and investigation. In 1869 he made his first visit to Egypt, staying there more than a year, and accepting upon his return a professorship at the University of Leipzig, which post he held until five years ago. During the twenty years of his work in Leipzig almost every man now known to

German science in the field of Egyptology came under Ebers's influence, and his best pupils stand at the head of this specialty in Germany to-day. As a rest from hard work in Leipzig, Ebers undertook hard work in Egypt, going there again in 1872, making in Thebes the discovery of the papyrus, dating back 200 years before Christ, that now bears his name. In 1876 he felt himself again entitled to a little poetic relaxation and wrote "Uarda," which was quickly followed by "Homo Sum" (1878), "Die Schwes-tern" (1879), "Der Kaiser" (1880), and other books in rapid succession. Ebers's novels of German life, such as "Gred," which pictures ancient Nuremberg, are considered by many of his German reviewers as even superior to the Egyptian romances, although these latter will continue to be most closely associated with his fame. The attempt to bring to life a civilization that passed away three thousand years ago was an interesting experiment in which Ebers succeeded better than any of his predecessors in a similar field.

Five years ago, when Dr. Ebers became a victim to a sciatic complaint that crippled him almost as completely as partial paralysis would do, he left Leipzig and removed to Munich where he found the cool, high air a tonic, and here he has since lived. He was no stranger to the neighborhood, for, since 1880, he has owned a pretty summer home in Tölzing, on the shores of Starnberg Lake, about thirty miles from the city. Here I found him upon a perfect afternoon in August sipping his after-dinner coffee, surrounded by his large and interesting family. One of his daughters had just come from Leipzig, bringing her little boy with whom Dr. Ebers began at once to make friends.

"This," he said, "is one of the hardships of not being able to visit one's children when they live more than a few miles away—I have to make the acquaintance of my own grandchild. But I do not complain," he went on with a pleasant smile. "I have much to be thankful for. Don't you think so? Look at that!"

And he pointed to the distant range of the Bavarian Alps. We were sitting in a sort of arbor overlooking the lake, with the mountains in the background. Across the lovely sheet of water, which is about two miles wide here, we could see the monument built to commemorate the death of poor Ludwig II, who drowned himself here in 1886. Far down the lake to the south were the Alps, some of the highest peaks still streaked with snow, gilded by the setting sun. The lawn of the Ebers villa stretches down to the water's edge where there is a flight of stone steps flanked with crouching lions, a faint reminder of Egypt. There is, however, nothing suggestive of that country about the villa, which is a modest house but extremely comfortable, with a large library on the second floor where Dr. Ebers spends most of his mornings. Everything about the place breathes quiet and unpretentious comfort. Dr. Ebers himself is the personification of peace. His face, which has far less



THE EBERS VILLA FROM STARNBERG LAKE

of sternness than one would imagine from Herr Lenbach's portrait, lights up with pleasure whenever he speaks of his family or his pupils. "I am fortunate to have a little Paradise here, for I cannot travel," he says.

We talked for a while of America and of the large sale his books have had there, and I told him that not only was there a fine American yacht named "Uarda," but that we had a New England village baptized by that name.

"'Uarda' is an invention of my own," he said. "The Copts have a word, 'Varda,' which means wild rose. For motives of euphony I changed the V to U. It seems to have taken the fancy of the public. Some time ago I had a letter from a lady whose child was born on board the transatlantic steamship 'Uarda'. She wanted to have the baby baptized 'Uarda'; but the good priest on board declined upon the ground that the name was not to be found in the Bible. So the young lady will go through life as 'Marie Uarda'."

Dr. Ebers was particularly interested in the account I was able to give him of the workings of our American newspaper syndicates from several of which he had received flattering offers for a new novel.

"I have never been able," he said, "to consent to giving my work to the public piecemeal, day by day, or week by week. It always seems to me like showing one corner of a picture at a time. A man who writes with that sort of publication in view must necessarily fall into the habit of preparing a number of small pictures instead of one big one."

"I suppose," said I, "that now you have given up your uni-



DR. EBERS'S WORKROOM

versity work the public may count upon more romances than ever. If novel-writing is play to you, the rest of your life ought to be all play."

"Yes," answered Dr. Ebers, slowly. "But I do not consider that my working life is over by any means, although I have been compelled to give up my pupils. I enjoy my work quite as much as my play, and the day that ends one will end the other. My mornings I give to studies connected with my life-work as an Egyptologist; my afternoons I spend here in the garden, letting my imagination travel—it's the only part of me that can travel now. And I don't know which I enjoy most, my mornings or afternoons. Unfortunately, when I work at my desk I require a great many books for reference, and these I cannot get down myself; some one has to help me, and yet it disturbs me to have anyone in the room while I write, so there I am in a dilemma. When I work upon my stories here in the arbor, I need no dusty reference books and all goes easily. By three o'clock I have usually finished the short task set for the day and after that I give myself up to my family and friends.

"Of course I read a great deal, even of French and English. Your Emerson used to be and still is one of my admirations; in later years Holmes's 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' has given me much pleasure. Then some of you Americans have done a great deal of value in Egyptian research. Your people are large contributors to the Egyptian Exploration Fund, which, under English and American direction, has accomplished much of interest. By the way, talking of Americans, I am glad to acknowledge the help afforded many

Egyptologists by an American, the late Joseph Wilbour, who was always ready to make a journey up or down the Nile and employ his wealth and knowledge in doing a service to Egyptologists who, like myself, were unable to be on the ground. If I wanted to verify some data or obtain a copy of some out-of-the-way inscription, Mr. Wilbour was kindness itself in helping me.

"Some people have a notion that Egypt as a field of study must be exhausted by this time, but on the contrary it seems to grow richer and richer the more we know. There is still a whole world buried there under the sand. It is unfortunate that just at present it is too easy to get permission to make researches in Egypt; hundreds of ignorant persons, inspired by curiosity or with the notion that they may unearth something they can sell, apply for permission to dig and do far more harm than good, as they disturb and destroy what might be of immense value to science. They break and throw away everything they do not recognize as of value, while to the trained Egyptologist a broken bit of pottery may perhaps prove of more value, may tell a story of more importance, than a whole potful of jewelry. Under Marietta it was impossible for any one to obtain the necessary permits to make researches; now the other extreme prevails and every one can dig and rummage without let or hindrance. Hence a mass of exasperating reports as to wonderful finds that turn out to be nothing of importance and keep the student busy upon false scents.

"I cannot tell you how much of my time is taken up in answering this or that inquiry concerning useless or harmful work in Egypt. I have never learned to dictate to a stenographer, so that the mere labor of writing is serious quite aside from my regular work. Then those autograph fiends! I get upon the average three letters a day asking for my autograph. Some of my books have been translated into many languages—'The Egyptian Princess' into sixteen,—so that these requests come from all over the world and constitute a real tax upon my time and patience. It is really a problem what to do with them. Sometimes I lose patience and resolve to answer no more, and then, when a note comes to me full of delicate flattery, I succumb. One of our German writers who is bothered in a similar way charges a small sum—a mark as a rule—for an autograph and contributes the money so received to the fund for the relief of indigent literary men. But that seems to make it obligatory upon one to send an autograph to whoever sends a mark, and I have never been able to bring myself to it.

"This autograph-collecting mania has another bad side; it often results in the loss or disfigurement of valuable letters. For instance, I have a series of letters, extending over years, from my famous master, Lepsius. Not a year passes but that some intimate friend or perhaps one of my own children begs for one of those letters, or half a letter, and sometimes I am weak enough to yield,

thus making a break in a series that may be invaluable some day. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that one-third of my working time is taken up in reading and answering letters from people who want autographs, or who want to know something about one of my books, or who want me to answer some puerile question upon an Egyptian matter, or who want me to read and pass judgment upon a manuscript. There ought to be some remedy for this and yet I have been unable to find it."

Dr. Ebers talks English fairly well, but prefers to use French with foreigners. Mrs. Ebers and the children all speak English and French more or less fluently. Of the sons one is a lieutenant in the army, another is a physician, and the youngest is still at the university. Two of the daughters are married, and this summer there were seven grandchildren in the happy and peaceful home on the lovely shores of Starnberg Lake. In winter Dr. Ebers lives in an apartment on the Ludwigstrasse in Munich. On pleasant days he may often be met with, wheeled along in his invalid chair, a cheerful figure notwithstanding his burdens, with a kindly word for everyone. There is a spiritual cheerfulness about the man that no physical misfortune will ever be able to quench.

PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

Michelet : 1798-1874. A Study

Apropos of the Centennial Celebration of the Historian's Birth

PICARDY has the honor of having been the home of a certain temper which was the fiercest and fieriest in all French history. Thence came the religious revolution in the person of John Calvin; and thence, as far as the impassioned voice of the self-constituted tribune Camille Desmoulins could sound the "tocsin of the patriot's St. Bartholomew," came the political convulsion of Europe. Michelet was another of these reforming men of the North: but while his father was as energetic and enthusiastic as even Peter the Hermit, likewise a man of Picardy, his mother came from the forest of Arden, the home of a race described by the son as marked by gravity, economy and thrift, as distinguished for its predominant critical spirit. Full of enthusiasm for the revolution, the Michelets came to Paris after the Terror and set up a printing establishment in the apse of a dismantled church: there the famous historian was born. "Occupied, not profaned," he says of the shop in which he was nurtured; "for is not the press in modern times the Ark of the Covenant?"

Child of the people and trained in the school of the bitterest poverty, Michelet's early education was largely a matter of chance. But what a chance! Having access to only three or four volumes, one of them was a Virgil, another the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." This latter volume, read and in parts re-read, left him with the indelible impression that behind all the woe and sorrow of life, behind the hunger and the cold, the contrasts of failure and success, back



M. JULES MICHELET

of all there was God. With this primitive and mystical impression went another, parallel but secondary, that which was made on him by the museums of French antiquity, where he wandered with delight and grained into his very being what he calls the "living impression of history." "By the aid of imagination I peopled the tombs and grew conscious of the dead through the thickness of the marble. It was not without some dread that I entered the low vaults where slept the forms of Dagobert, Chilperic and Frédigonde." The child found perfect sympathy in his parents; their poverty was terrible, but they stripped themselves of their last resources to send Jules to college. His teachers, one of whom was Villemain, were tender and appreciative; but his school-fellows were merciless to the ill-clad, ill-fed and unpolished intruder who out-stripped them all in his attainments. For a time the young sufferer was morose, and his condition was doubly grievous because of the desperate state of France (1814) and the consequent depression of all private and public business.

In this unmitigated wretchedness, present privation, anxiety for the future, the public foe at the door and personal enemies spiteful and bitter, a strange thing happened. "One Thursday

morning I took myself in hand; without fire (the snow covered everything), doubtful whether my daily bread would be forthcoming that evening, the world apparently at an end for me, I felt in myself the clear impulse of the Stoic; I banged the oaken table (which I have always kept by me) with a hand that was aching with cold as if it would split, and I felt the manly joy of youth and the future." With this crisis the moral victory was won, the devils of savagery and misanthropy abdicated and glowing tenderness for humanity filled his heart, never again to leave it.

Thenceforth life and livelihood were assured: poverty was not relaxed, but its bitterness was assuaged by the joy of endurance: the classics and philosophy banished hunger, the pleasures of acquisition supplied the place of all physical gratification until college days were past. A modest position was waiting for the able and already distinguished youth; he entered at once on the career of a teacher, winning as rapidly as the red-tape of a national system would admit the successive stages of advancement, until he reached the height of his profession in a professorship of the Collège de France. Want was the master which drove Michelet to history as a vocation. Desirous of a chance to teach philosophy but compelled to accept the drudgery of a task-master in history as it was then taught, formally and lifelessly, his elasticity of spirit soon came to his assistance; metaphysics made way, first for the philosophy of language, then for the history of ideas; the transition thence to the philosophy of history was easy and so he passed into history, pure and simple.

Virgil had been one of his first books; "I am a child of Virgil," he once declared. Now Vico, another great Italian, became his delight; and, although he had previously printed two slight studies, in 1827 he entered on his true career of authorship with a little volume remarkable for its time and not antiquated after the lapse of seventy years—an outline of modern history for the use of all thinkers, even schoolboys.

Thenceforward Michelet was an indefatigable writer. His published works fill more than fifty volumes. In a sense they were all produced under compulsion, for his work in ancient history was due to the division of the first chair which he held in the restored Higher Normal School, a division of labor which forced him to teach the histories of Greece and Rome; his work in mediæval history was due to a subsequent and similar division of the duties of his second chair and his work in French history proper was the result of a conviction thus reached that the philosophy of all history was to be found in the antinomy of the two principles of fatalism and liberty. The former, he thought, was represented by the law of the ancient world and the latter by Christianity as exemplified in the Reformation, the Revolution, and the subsequent course of modern history, especially in France.

A man of solid learning and vivid imagination, a child

of the people and above all else a teacher, he felt himself to be an interpreter and an apostle. Writing and teaching were his life, and history was his vocation, but all other knowledge was his avocation, because first, last and always he was a philosopher. To him politics was all-inclusive; asked as to its principle, he replied: the first principle of politics is education, the second principle is education, and the third principle is—education. One of his most characteristic sayings was, that, for Thierry, history is a narrative, for Guizot an analysis, but for himself it was a resurrection. The history of France must be written for the French so as to be a dogma, a principle and then a legend: and it was thus that he strove, with marked success, to write it. His pages are packed with first-hand information, and they glow with the fires of his love for his country as the sufferer, the teacher and the prophet of the whole human race.

The maxim most frequently on his lips was probably that of Vauvenargues: "Great thoughts come from the heart." Again, he liked to repeat, in a distorted but true sense, the text: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "I love death," he said, and this was true in a sense for indeed he loved the dead; his favorite walk was in the cemetery and he communed in spirit with all the dead: in what was dead and gone he found the inspiration for action, a duty which he preached without ceasing to all his hearers and readers; the past was for him the example, the stimulus and the indication of the present and the future.

A few considerations of this kind, and very many more might easily be adduced, will serve to recall why Michelet is above all other historians the idol of France. Since the anniversary of his birth falls on Aug. 21, in the period of school vacations, the authorities saw fit to advance the centennial celebration by nearly a month, in order that nothing might mar its effect. Over a fortnight ago the occasion was celebrated throughout the land with great pomp; there were festal gatherings, eulogies on the man and his work, and readings from his books. In a high sense he was justly represented by the famous men who spoke of him as being the incarnation of modern France. He is modern in the passionate patriotism which he inculcates, he is modern in his personal psychology which is at once retired and shy even to pessimism, though emotional and affectionate to excessive impulsiveness; he is modern in the æsthetic instinct which made his style the most perfect prose rhythm in all French historical literature, which rendered his imaginative description of nature and of men in their natural relations the most perfect reproduction of the gamut of feeling that can be effected by any sounds except those of music. Above all else he was modern and prophetic in his religion: hostile to the church and to orthodoxy, he was equally hostile to royalty and imperialism, for all alike represented to him the workings of arbitrary authority. His ideas of love were shocked by the teachings of the Roman church because it made

baptism and the exorcism of the devil from the new-born babe by magic signs and formulas a requisite to salvation; he could not tolerate the stern logic of Paul, of Augustine, or of Calvin, and he was indifferent to the proportion of facts whenever the grace and beauty of his poetic scheme were endangered. Yet he had a passion for the spiritual and immortal as opposed to the material, finite and conditioned. The Frenchman of to-day who is disgusted with the failure of natural science to explain the universe of man and the world, is akin to Michelet as to no other man of his race; nature is a fact and must be explained, but the truest explanation is for him, as it was for Michelet, idealistic and poetic. Faith, he knows well, must not disappear, and drag the peoples into chaos as it sinks beneath the horizon, but the basis of faith must be readjusted and Christianity must be purified from all ecclesiasticism before it can again become a vital element in society. The dispensation of grace has passed to make room for that of justice, which he thinks is identical with the dispensation of liberty. The salvation of man is not in favor but in action, and since man is by nature good, for Michelet is an optimist without reserves, the mission of man is to do good and to be just. These are substantially the ideals and beliefs of Young France. The basis of the state and of all human association is the family, and the cement of the family is love; here is the first sphere of action, and in it God is revealed by the mother in the life of the heart and by the father in the life of the country, of which he is a part and perhaps a heroic part. Gradually the child knows its mother as the loving cause of things and its father as the revelation of a justice which is perfectly embodied only in God. The Divine is thus fully revealed in his perfection, not concealed by a mass of verbiage which attempts to express incomprehensible and meaningless abstractions.

Further, there must be in this life vigor, zeal, enthusiasm: and these all in double measure when applied to the state. The same reasonable education for all classes in common schools; popular festivals for high and low, rich and poor, in order to secure the moral uplifting of the whole nation, and, sometimes, international festivals for the promotion of fraternity or justice. Such are a few of the elemental notions of Michelet; they bear the stamp of France, generous, impassioned, fiery in logic and in practice, polished and complete, but Utopian. The eternal ideal which we stigmatize as Utopian has yet the immense merit of serving as a goal. Unfortunately that of Michelet, beautiful in its entirety, fails in its parts. To wrest a single rhetorical outburst of Michelet from its connection is to display him as a distorter of history; in like manner to wrest such thoughts as his from the organic whole of which they are excellent parts, but only parts, is to base conduct on insufficient grounds, and to give openings for misguided zeal, which make enthusiasm a menace to well-ordered life.

W. M. SLOANE.



PHOTO. NADAR, PARIS

M. EDMOND ROSTAND, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

The Greatest Play of the Year *

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" is a drama in rhymed verse, the scenes of which are laid in the seventeenth century. It tells the love tragedy in the life of an historical character, a mad poet and dramatist, duellist and soldier, who was cursed with as huge and disreputable a feature as Nosey the Dwarf in the fairy-tale. Its author is a young playwright from Marseilles. These are facts which hardly account for the tremendous success which has attended the play in Paris and the principal cities of France ever since its first appearance in December last at the Porte Saint-Martin, with Coquelin in the title-rôle.

Poor and foolish plays have had such triumphs. A famous actor like Coquelin might invest a comparatively feeble piece for the theatre with the magic of his personality. Some whim of the public, or some appeal to a patriotic or religious idea, might carry a play for hundreds of nights. But "Cyrano de Bergerac" does not depend on the strength of the actor who takes its leading part, nor is there any appeal in the drama to a popular fancy or fad. Read in cold print, without the help of scenery and of trained artists, it is a fascinating

*Cyrano de Bergerac. Comédie Heroïque en Cinq Actes, en Vers. New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.



LE THEATRE
M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC

piece of literary art which holds one absorbed to the very close of its fifth act.

Although the young dramatist knows his stage work well and provides striking scenes, so far as surroundings go, for four out of the five acts, yet the self-abnegation that Cyrano shows may seem unnatural and his heroics perilously near to rant, while the climax might be thought unsuited to the requirements of the boards to-day which call for the most violent and peopled stage at the close of the last act. But Cyrano can rant because he is still in character; his ranting, however, is so spiced with wit and perfumed with poetry that no one can take offence; it is sublime fooling; it is dare-devil talk that makes one ponder and smile; it is paradox after Shakespeare's heart.

Cyrano is the study of a man of noble mind and great learning, as well as marvellous wit, whose life has been ruined by a physical peculiarity that sets him apart from the rest of mankind. His own *apologia* addressed to his friend Le Bret reveals the presence of a lifelong bitterness because of that monstrous feature of his, added to a passion for independence and combat. He acts the bully and swashbuckler, but like Robin Hood he singles out the tyrants, hypocrites and cowards and crushes or shows them up. He is a poet



THE SKETCH

THE REAL CYRANO

Exécuter des tours de souplesse dorsale ?

Non, merci !

And then, suddenly changing voice, he tells him what he will do:

"Mais . . . chanter,

Rêver, rire, passer, être seul, être libre

Avoir l'œil qui regarde bien, la voix qui vibre,

Mettre, quand il vous plait, son feutre de travers

Pour un oui, pour un non se battre—ou faire un vers !"

Cyrano has loved his cousin Roxane from childhood but never dared to breathe it because he is so hideous. Both have come to Paris from their home in Languedoc; he is the most valiant, feared and witty member of the corps of Gascony cadets, she is a beauty given over to the prevailing fashion of literary languish and foppery—a beauty and a "precious lady" who indulges in the strained sentimental jargon of the day and despises plain prose. In Paris they never meet each other until Roxane falls in love at sight with a handsome northerner who has just received a commission to join the Gascony cadets, a corps of poor but fierce nobles who make it warm for an outsider; then she recalls her cousin Cyrano, makes an appointment with him and puts the youth she loves under his powerful protection. Their meeting is at a great cook shop, kept by a poet-pastry-cook, who, with his motley following of starving authors and scullions, furnishes the chief humor of the play. For a moment Cyrano imagines that she may be interested in him, though the fact that she calls him at the outset "almost my brother" should have

and playwright, but will not truckle to influential patron or publisher. He first comes on the scene in his double character of fantastic bully and critic; it is at the old Paris theatre where Molière's and Corneille's plays were acted; he stops the performance of an actor whom he dislikes because he is a ridiculous actor and has dared to ogle from the stage Roxane, the cousin whom he (Cyrano) madly loves.

To his friend Le Bret he explains what he will not do; as, for example, "What!" he cries,

"déjeuner, chaque jour,
d'un crapaud?

Avoir un ventre usé par la
marche? une peau

Qui plus vite à l'endroit des
genoux devient sale?

warned him. Embarrassed to tell him her errand, she notices that his hand is wounded, insists upon binding it up with her handkerchief and whilst holding his hand manages to approach the point. As she proceeds his hopes rise, until, describing the man she loves, she comes to "handsome." Then Cyrano knows the truth and staggers to his feet; but he grits his teeth and promises to be the protector of his rival.

The situation gives a chance for terrible conflicts in Cyrano's soul, but it is only the beginning of his tragedy. Having promised to guard the favored one, he finds himself writing for Baron Christian such love letters to Roxane as the younger man

cannot so much as imagine. His is the bitter-sweet of pouring out his soul to the woman he adores and knowing that she will never suspect him as the author. The first meeting between Roxane and Christian is unlucky, for the clumsy lover is unable to talk as beautifully as his letters warrant; so Cyrano must take him to her balcony at night and speak as well as write for him.

The balcony scene is one of the newest and boldest bits of playwright's work since Shakespeare, the spirit of whose works, by the way, is suggested throughout this striking and original drama. Darkness and the conversation held in whispers favor the deception. Cyrano pleads passionately the love that Christian cannot utter, and, indeed, can hardly feel, and when the moment comes to ascend the balcony and take the kiss that has been won by flights of great poetic beauty, Cyrano pushes Christian forward and enjoys the bitterness with a dash of sweet that lies in the thought:—

"Baiser, festin d'amour dont je suis le Lazare !

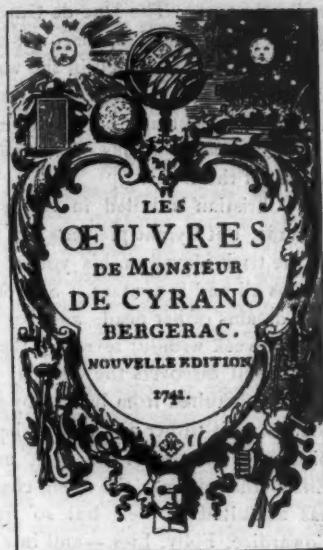
Il me vient dans cette ombre une miette de toi—

Mais oui, je sens un peu mon coeur qui te reçoit

Puisque sur cette lèvre où Roxane se leurre

Elle baise les mots que j'ai dit tout à l'heure !"

It is the mental conflict in Cyrano as much as his strongly marked traits that holds the reader of this drama, and to the thoughtful theatregoer must furnish more than half the fascination when the piece is played. One thinks of Hamlet and Faust; but with the satisfaction of the discovery, not of an adaptation, but of something



TITLE-PAGE OF CYRANO'S WORKS

radically new. The Duc de Guiche, who has been pursuing Roxane with a lawless passion, discovers that she loves Christian, and so—hoping to get him killed in the war—orders him and the rest of the cadets away to the siege of Arras; it is to Cyrano with the Nose that Roxane entrusts her handsome young bridegroom, to save him from the open weapons of the Spaniards and the treacherous machinations of the Duke.

Christian is killed in the war after a hurried marriage with Roxane, but Cyrano prevents him from making a deathbed confession of the trick played on his young wife by whispering him that she knows all and is content. She enters a nunnery where she thinks and dreams of her dead, and for fourteen years Cyrano visits her once a week without revealing the secret of his love. That secret she herself discovers the very day that Cyrano, who has been treacherously assaulted from behind by some enemy, crawls out to make the last visit to her and die in her presence. That death is of a piece with the rest of the play, magnificent like the heroes of the Elizabethan drama; the dying champion sees visions of the foes he has assaulted so well but so fruitlessly—Compromise, Prejudice, Cowardice, Folly, Lies,—and in a dying burst of heroic madness he staggers to his feet, draws his sword, puts his back against a tree and executes the big movements of the old-fashioned sword-play as he denounces and stabs these airy phantoms of his brain.

Beautiful words, beautiful thoughts, an extremely clever management of the stage, a poetically exaggerated but fundamentally true picture of the times—the unlimited powers of nobles, the operabouffe way of conducting wars, the craze for literature whilst the literates starved,—these in themselves would be enough to warrant the appearance of “Cyrano de Bergerac” on any stage. But the play is far beyond these; it strikes the chords of sacrifice and altruism. Yes, in a day when a people are moaning about *fin de siècle* and degeneracy and the vile tone of realistic literature, it breathes the spirit of chivalry and inculcates the grandest precepts of morality known to man. Cyrano is Don Quixote with his eyes open.

CHARLES DE KAY.

The Novels of George Meredith An Appreciation

THOSE who profess to believe that the art of fiction has lately fallen on evil days are invited to consider that it is forty-five years since George Meredith began to write, and that the present day is the only season during his long life of literary toil which has produced an audience understanding him. Popular his work is not, yet, but it is at least looking toward popularity. It has conquered comprehension, and is in a fair way to find all the readers that belong to it. When, in any generation, books reach their natural audience they have achieved success.

There are many opinions as to the function of a writer of fiction, but it is hard to find any point of view from which Meredith is not the greatest of living novelists. If you ask of novels entertainment, here it is in such overflowing measure as almost to exhaust the power of appreciation, though it is true that it exists only for the alert and intelligent. As Mr. La Farge has recently pointed out in another connection, it is the work of art that judges us, not we who pronounce upon it. The mature reader who does not find in the details of "*Diana of the Crossways*," "*Richard Feverel*," "*Rhoda Fleming*," "*Beauchamp's Career*," and above all "*The Egoist*," abundant diversion and pleasure, accuses himself of heaviness of wit and lack of susceptibility to mental stimulus. If what you value most in fiction is strong delineation of character, clearness in the presentation of personages in a drama, force in their action, you will find that Meredith has drawn a series of characters that are unmatched save in Shakespeare for vigor and reality. If your notion of fiction leads you to desire that it should have a purpose of helpfulness, a fixed intention to serve the race of readers at the same time that it amuses them, and a very definite notion of how this can best be done, then Meredith is almost alone among modern writers in meeting your requirements.

His philosophy of fiction is very simple and very convincing. First, he believes that "every form of labor, even this flimsiest, should minister to growth." Growth is subserved by the comprehension of things as they are. He bases himself upon reality. He dares be true to life because he trusts the teaching of life. The fiction that ministers to growth must deal with existence as it is. Meredith is a realist and, among English writers, the chief of those few worthy of the name. The so-called realists have habitually overlooked the fact that the life of the mind and soul is as real as the life of the body, and that if flesh influences spirit, no less surely does spirit react upon flesh. The truth that we are compact of both is clear to Meredith, and he aspires to paint us and our environment in entirety, from the clay in which we grow to the heaven toward which we lift our faces.

"Philosophy bids us to see," he says, "that we are not so pretty as rose-pink, not so repulsive as dirty drab, and that the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, fructifying, finally a delight." The sentence indicates what is, to those who take fiction seriously, Meredith's supreme distinction. No novelist has done so much toward helping reluctant humanity to see itself as it is, and to recognize the sight as endurable and even inspiring. Youth sometimes has glimpses of middle age as so dull, subservient, craven and clay-encrusted that it shrinks horrified, asking "*Shall I become that?*" and takes temporary refuge from the thought in the sentimentality that dresses the brute in us in white muslin and ribbons, or the romanticism that arrays him in buff jerkin and hunter's green and sets

him with his feet upon the turf in the free air. For the poison of such incomplete vision Meredith furnishes an antidote which avails equally against the virus of the still more incomplete view of man as the school of Zola sees him. Believing that good and evil are alike righteous since both subserve the will of a Power whose final decree is the betterment of man, Meredith moves steadily among the facts of existence, making them radiant with his sanity, humor, wit, and the tenderness of a man who knows that, however the Comic Spirit who is his avowed muse may laugh at men, in the end they will achieve her respect by proving themselves souls, and therefore "perpetually tending to growth in purification."

Most writers make shipwreck of their art when they attempt to combine it with art's bugbear, a "moral purpose." How has Meredith escaped this rock? The answer seems to be that he has not concerned himself with art. He is in fact a great novelist, the sturdiest of the race, without being in the least what we term a consummate artist. His books are masses of wit and wisdom, of logic, life and beauty torn quivering from the heart and brain of a live man and flung at you to do with what you will. They have not the premeditation of art. Finish, subtlety, balance, harmony of proportion they do not show. His novels do not give the thrill of delight that we get from certain exquisite, calculated creations of other writers. In the face of them we do not marvel how man's mind was untiring enough to compass such delicate and just design. Our satisfaction in them is profound, but it does not occur to us to say with a sigh that they are "exactly right"—which is the readiest formula of the brain, confronting that which satisfies it æsthetically. We do not even try to compare his work with that of other writers who do gratify our demand for art in fiction. In thinking of Meredith we always unconsciously refer to the standards of life rather than the canons of art. That is to say, we are moved to compare his creations to those of God rather than to those of man. It is a tremendous compliment paid instinctively and sincerely. The inference, however, is not that art is unessential, but merely that none save the supreme novelists can afford to dispense with it. Art is passing marvelous, but life is, and will remain, the biggest thing there is.

One of Meredith's achievements is admittedly rare. He portrays women whom other women recognize as flesh of their flesh. That is, he is so single-minded, so penetrating and so broadly human that he is able to lay aside the limitation of his own sex when surveying the other, and to see women as they know themselves to be. In "The Egoist" he has accomplished even a greater feat than this, for he has transcended one of the limitations of human nature. Egoism is the hardest of all vices to analyze unflinchingly, for none of us escape that taint, and we are so fashioned that it is almost impossible to deal faithfully with the fault. It

seems no more than human to be merciful to our pitiable vanity. To expose it in its hideousness is to hold up man to the ridicule of the gods, and at first glance this seems disloyalty to the race. The ability to write "The Egoist" proves the author to be the supremely honest human creature, and the ability to read it with unwavering approval is a test of the reader's spiritual probity. Perhaps it is well that such a touchstone of a book should be inherently difficult. Were it easy to read and perused of all, some might wince whose flinching we should hate to see.

The vexed question of Meredith's style—whether he is a master of the English tongue or one of its betrayers—must be settled by his individual readers in accordance with the notions each holds as to what constitutes mastery of language. He is blind sometimes and grandiose often, but oftener still he is unparalleled in lucidity and brilliance, and he makes both his clearness and his turgidity serve his purpose of expressing what is nearly inexpressible. This much is certain: both his thought and his written speech move with a certain robust rhythm, the swinging pace of a matured and powerful mind. If once you "catch step" with him mentally and allow yourself to go at his gait, you will wonder thereafter at the unadaptable minds that find him hard of comprehension and difficult to read.

While Meredith was thinking out his theory of fiction and planning books that should square with the universe and be full of what he lovingly calls "Reality's infinite sweetness," Dickens was asking his friend, apropos of a character he desired to draw, "Do you think it may be done without making people angry?" The relative importance of the two novelists in the world of thought to-day is a pretty answer to the question young writers sometimes ask—"Is it worth while to be guided by one's own convictions rather than by those of one's audience?"

Providence is not often pleased to allow a really great man to behold the full justification of his faith, in so far as popular recognition constitutes justification. Most of the race are required to believe blindly and die without entering the Promised Land. Happily life has been hurried toward the end of our century. The present generation has been forced to move forward on the double-quick, or it would never have caught up with Meredith. As it is, for once a man in advance of his age has been overtaken while living by the appreciation that is his due. May the tale of his editions increase to prove our worthiness.*

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

A Modest Hero

LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S exploit at Santiago, where he took a coal-ship into a mined harbor under the fire at short range of three land batteries, a fleet of powerful cruisers and two regiments of infantry,

* The special occasion of these remarks is the revised edition of Mr. Meredith's novels published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

showed that he has as much courage as any man that ever lived. The ingenuity with which he devised the plan, arranged every detail for its execution and carried it out so far as it was possible to do so after the destruction of his steering gear and five of the seven torpedoes he had provided for the sinking of his ship, show that he possesses intelligence, coolness and good judgment at least as great as his audacity. But the fact that he has been lauded and lionized since his release from Spanish prisons as no other man has been lionized and lauded in this country for many a year, and has come through the ordeal without the slightest impairment of his native modesty, proves best of all the character of the man.

The test of his moral fibre came less at Santiago on June 3, than in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on August 4, where thousands of men and women rose and roared their welcome at him, and where, slowly, simply, with well-chosen words and in deep rich tones that reached the farthest corners of the hall, he told the story of the Merrimac with ample acknowledgment of the devotion of his eight brave followers and little reference to his own. If he was a hero before that great meeting in behalf of the sufferers from the war, he was doubly a hero after it, and his journeys to and fro, in the course of his professional duties, have involved experiences calculated to turn the head of anyone not habituated to them from early childhood.

The secret of this young hero's invincible modesty is his devotion to duty and love of his profession. The sinking of the Merrimac was a congenial task assigned to him by the commanding officer of the fleet, who knew his special fitness for the undertaking. Its execution interested him intensely. The destruction of the Spanish fleet brought forward a new and equally attractive problem—that of saving the battered and submerged Colon; and the performance of this great engineering feat has enlisted all his energies. To him, the Merrimac is an episode of a war that is ended; he is thinking now, not of destroying, but of preserving, and his mind is so filled with questions therein involved as to contain no room for thoughts of self.

When the Colon is saved—if he succeeds in achieving the apparently impossible,—Lieut. Hobson will turn his attention to the task of establishing firmly at Annapolis the post-graduate course in naval construction which he had already started there when more active service called him to Admiral Sampson's side, and gave him such an opportunity as comes to few in any war. Even had this chance not come, he must yet have had a distinguished professional career, for qualities and capacities such as his are almost as rare as great opportunities.

But eminent or unknown, or known only to the experts in his own special field, he would still have been the same quiet, manly, gentlemanly officer he is to-day. Strong, brave, handsome, intelli-



COPYRIGHT 1898 BY SEE & EPLEY

Richmond Pearson Hobson.

gent, renowned—his crowning quality is modesty; and closely allied with this, good taste. His sense of the eternal fitness of things has been strikingly, but most unobtrusively, shown by his treatment of a strongly-backed offer of \$50,000 for fifty nights on the lecture-platform, telling the story of his forlorn-hope enterprise on that June night at Santiago. He was surprised and slightly amused that such an offer should be made to him; he did not decline it: he ignored it.

Lieutenant Hobson reminds one of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"—

"the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last."

J. B. G.

Literary and Artistic Paris in Summer

JUST before leaving Paris for Chautauqua and Chicago University, where he has been lecturing, Prof. Bonet-Maury of the Protestant Theological Seminary gave a dinner-party at which were present the principal

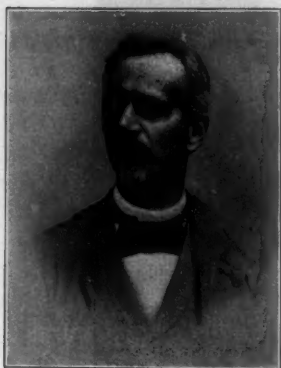


PHOTO. CH. HERBERT, AMIENS
M. BONET-MAURY

organizers of the Congress of Religious Sciences to be held here during the International Exhibition of 1900. Seated about the table were M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu of the Institute, representing Liberal Catholicism; M. Théodore Reinach, the archæologist, one of the three distinguished Reinach brothers, who spoke for the Jews; M. Royer-Collard, grandson of the famous statesman; Prof. Ferdinand Buisson of the Sorbonne; M. Sabatier, Dean of the Protestant Theological Seminary, and M. Fontanès, the eloquent Protestant divine, besides other members of the Reformed Church. After the dinner an informal meeting was held in M. Bonet-Maury's drawing-room. While it was

evident that the company would like to see repeated at Paris the Chicago Parliament of Religions, it was almost unanimously admitted that, with the Catholic clergy of France opposed to such a measure, the plan had to be modified. So it was conceded that the religious world must content itself in 1900 with a Congress of Religious Sciences, with emphasis laid on the last word.

M. René Doumic also brought together an interesting dinner-party before quitting Paris for the summer. Among his guests was M. André Michel, the learned head of the École du Louvre, who stated that several American girls followed very assiduously during the past session the courses of this highly special school. He does not appear surprised at this, however, probably because Mme. Michel, who was born in the Sandwich Islands and speaks English fluently, clings to many American ideas.

By the way, M. André Michel should not be confounded with M. Henry Michel, whose book "Le Quarantième Fauteuil" (Paris: Hachette) has just appeared, and is made up of those short incisive sketches of the new Academicians which appear in the *Temps* immediately after each reception at the Mazarin Palace.

Mme. André Michel's father, M. Crosnier de Varigny, was once French Consul General at the Sandwich Islands and has been a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on American affairs, and her brother, Prof. Henry de Varigny, is, among other things, a popularizer of the sciences. He is, by the way, about to bring out, in collaboration with Prof. George Adam of the Lorient Lycée, a French edition of ex-President Andrew D. White's *magnum opus*, "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." A brief introduction will be provided by Prof. Émile Levasseur of the Institute, who is a personal friend of Dr. White, and whose guest he was at one time at Cornell University.

Cornell, let me say in passing, was the only American University

officially represented at the recent Michelet fêtes, the literary event of the summer in Paris. The series of centennial ceremonies—the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the historian was being celebrated—opened with a visit to the tomb of Michelet—one of the most artistic monuments at Père Lachaise, thanks to the talented chisel of Mercié. To an American the most notable feature of this simple and touching solemnity was the prominent part taken by “the colored youth,” as they were designated. This delegation of negro students was given the place of honor. It led in the procession which marched from the entrance of the cemetery to the grave, and among the half-dozen speeches delivered on this occasion, the best was unquestionably that spoken in its name by a young Haitian naval officer, in full uniform, an aide-de-camp of Menelek.

What particularly struck me at the imposing musical and literary exercises at the Panthéon, when the French Government, in the person of President Faure and the Ministers, paid its homage to the memory of Michelet, was the remarkable profusion of quotations from the historian’s writings with which M. Léon Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction, besprinkled his oration. Orally, it might have been almost declared a flagrant case of plagiarism, but when printed, the inverted commas gave to Michelet what was his own. In fact, M. Bourgeois felt called upon to explain to Mme. Michelet privately that if his speech was little else than a paste-and-scissors compilation from her husband’s works, it was due to the fact that he was in office too short a time—there was a ministerial crisis on the eve of the celebration—to prepare a wholly original oration worthy of the occasion. Mme. Michelet, who worships the memory of her husband, was at least deeply pleased at this *contretemps*, yet being a *femme d’esprit*, she could not refrain from remarking, rather maliciously, “but you might have gone farther and done worse!”

It was at the imposing out-door festivities on the square of the Hotel de Ville, where music and pageantry were combined, and which brought to an end this really notable jubilee, that the Cornell address, handsomely engrossed on parchment, was publicly presented by the undersigned to Mme. Michelet, the aged widow, who went through the ordeal, trying both mentally and physically, of these various ceremonies, extending over a fortnight, with a courage worthy of her early struggles against adversity. The address closed with these words:—

“The President and Faculty of Cornell University send greeting to the company gathered for the celebration of the centenary of the birth of the great historian, Jules Michelet. Cornell University desires to place upon record its sense of the great services rendered by M. Michelet to the cause of the study of history. Its first President, the Hon. A. D. White, collected a large library of works upon the history of France, and especially of the French Revolution, which is now one of the most prized possessions of the University; and at Cornell, where the study of the history of France in detail is thus made possible, no name is more highly honored, among masters of history, than that of Jules Michelet.”

Another great French author has also been somewhat similarly remembered this summer. It is just fifty years since Chateaubriand died, and last month there was a pilgrimage to the old-fashioned *hôtel*, 120 Rue du Bac, where, as an inscription on the front tells us, he passed away. The back windows of his apartment looked out on the beautiful garden—in fact the whole interior of this block is a mass of trees, lawns and flower-



DRAWN BY HORACE VERNET

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

M. CHATEAUBRIAND

beds—of the Foreign Missions, where young priests with excellent voices chant hymns morning and evening to the accompaniment of the organ in the little chapel hard by. What appropriate surroundings these must have been for the mystic author of the "Genius of Christianity," though I must confess that this train of thought was roughly disturbed, as I stood there the other day, when flashed back on my mind this remark of the malicious Sainte-Seuve, once made in conversation about Cousin with an American friend of mine: "Why, Cousin cared no more about philosophy than did Chateaubriand about Christianity."

But I doubt if M. Brunetière will be guilty of any such irreverent skit in his address next week at Saint-Malo, the picturesque native town of Chateaubriand, where he lies buried on the lofty Grand-Bérock overlooking the sea, and where is to occur the principal ceremony of this semi-centennial anniversary. M. Brunetière, who is full of his subject, has already left for the Brittany coast, and will surely delight his auditors with one of those clear-cut orations, sparkling with striking observations and delicate humor. But I wonder how M. Brunetière will get over the political career of his hero, for however much one may admire the literary genius of the author of "Atala," the picture of him as a politician depicted by de Viel-Castel is anything but engaging. His new panegyrist will probably adopt the discreet course of not touching upon it at all.

The Félibres and Cigales of Paris have also been celebrating their dead by their annual decoration of the busts of Florian, Aubanel and Paul Arène, in the narrow church-yard at Sceaux, that charming suburb of the great city. More than ordinary éclat was given to this year's pilgrimage by the presence, from the neighboring town of Bourg-la-Reine, where he is mayor, of M. André Theuriet of the French Academy, who delivered the oration of the day. It was somewhat difficult to recognize "the pastoral," as M. Theuriet is designated by his admirers, in this spruce-



SCULPT BY DENYS PUECH

PHOTO. E. FIORILLO, PARIS

M. SAINTE-BEUVE

looking gentleman of sixty-five winters, attired in patent-leather shoes, shiny top-hat, a light-colored overcoat thrown jauntily across his left arm, while with the right hand he occasionally stroked a neatly trimmed yellow-gray beard and mustache.

A moment ago I spoke of Sainte-Beuve's joke at the expense of Victor Cousin, which reminds me that I chanced the other afternoon, while sauntering through the Luxembourg Garden, to find myself in front of the recently inaugurated bust of the prolific author of the "Lundis." M. Denys Puech, the talented sculptor, has produced a most excellent piece of work, the genial, clean-shaven face awakening a feeling of real sympathy with the laborious critic. Just such a smile as this in marble must have played about his physiognomy when he poked fun at the "Genius of Christianity."

M. Puech's still newer statue to Lecomte de Lisle, at the other end of the Garden, is more open to criticism. The bust is a fine likeness of the poet, but looks too small at the distance from which it must be seen, and this is emphasized by the overshadowing effect of the Muse, a large female figure with spread wings, who tenderly encircles the bust with her arms. The strong resemblance to Beecher, so noticeable in the poet's living face, is preserved in the stone.

A writer in the *Temps* states that Capt. Deloncle of the unfortunate Bourgogne was a minor poet of promise. At rare intervals, it appears,



STATUE BY JAMES PUNSON

PHOTO. E. FIORILLO, PARIS

M. LECONTE DE LISLE

he had printed verses in the smaller reviews, and he contemplated issuing, ere long, a collection of his poems in a volume to be entitled "Rives et Réves." One of his favorite authors was Poe, and during the last years of his life he became an enthusiastic adept in the pre-historic archæology of Yucatan.

When speaking of M. Doumic's dinner-party a moment ago, I forgot to say that one of the guests stated that it was expected that M. Jules Lemaitre would be M. Doumic's successor next spring on the Hyde foundation at Harvard, but this is a mistake. Though M. Lemaitre has several times been invited to lecture in the United States and expresses himself as very much flattered by the request, he still declines. Why he refuses I cannot exactly say, but I guess his reason is a very general one. Why should a lion of the greatest literary city on the globe seek other worlds to conquer? But as M. Jules Lemaitre is an ardent cyclist (a first-rate English "machine" always stands beside him in his study), a bold iconoclast of many of the dearest hobbies of France and a pronounced admirer of most Anglo-Saxon institutions, it does strike one as rather odd that he recoils at the idea of crossing the ocean to Greater Britain.

PARIS, August 1898.

THEODORE STANTON.

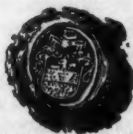




COPYRIGHT BY DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO.

Budapest 1898 May 16

Dr. Maurice Jokai,



Dr. Maurice Jokai: A Sketch*

To a man who has earned such titles as "The Shakespeare of Hungary" and "The Glory of Hungarian Literature"; who published in fifty years three hundred and fifty novels, dramas, and miscellaneous works, not to mention innumerable articles for the press that owes its freedom chiefly to him, it seems incredible that there was ever a time of indecision as to what career he was best fitted to follow. The idle life of the nobility

* Introduction to authorized translation of "As We Grow Old." From advance-sheets. Copyright 1898 by the Doubleday & McClure Co.

into which Maurus Jókay was born in 1825 had no attractions for a strongly intellectual boy, fired with zeal and energy that carried him easily to the head of each class in school and college; nor did he feel any attraction for the prosaic practice of law, his father's profession, to which Austria's despotism drove many a nobleman in those wretched days for Hungary. It was Pétofi, the poet, who was his dearest friend during the student-life at Pépa. Idealism ever attracted him, and, by natural gravitation toward the finest minds, he chose the friendship of young men who quickly rose into eminence during the days of revolution and invasion that tried men's souls.

For a time Jókay, as he then wrote his name, was undecided whether to choose literature or art as an outlet for the idealism, imagination, and devotion that overflowed in two directions from this boy of seventeen. With some of the inherited artistic talent, which in his relative Munkacsy amounted to genius, he felt most inclined toward painting and sculpture, and finally consecrated himself to them. In his library at Budapest there now stands a small well-executed bust of his wife in ivory; and on the walls hang several landscapes and still-life paintings, which he showed with a smile to an American visitor, who stood silent before them last winter, hoping for some inspiration of speech that would reconcile politeness with veracity and her own ideals of good art. If a "deep love for art and an ardent desire to excel" will "more than compensate for the want of method," to quote Sir Joshua Reynolds, then Jókay would have been a great painter indeed. While he never was that, his chisel and brushes have remained a recreation and delight to him always.

Apparently he was diverted from art to literature by a trifle; but in the light of later developments it is simple enough to see which was really the greater force working within. The Academy of Arts and Sciences, founded by Szécheni, offered a prize for the best drama, and Jókay won it. He was then seventeen, for careers began early in olden times. When twenty-one his first novel, "Work Days," met with great applause; other romances quickly followed, and, as they dealt with the social and political tendencies that fanned the revolution into flame two years later, their success was instantaneous. His true representations of Hungarian life and character, his passionate love of liberty, his lofty idealism for his crushed and lethargic country, aroused a great wave of patriotism like a call to arms, and consecrated him to work with his pen for the freedom of the common people. Henceforth paint-brushes were cast aside.

Pétofi and Jókay, teeming with great ideas, quickly attracted other writers and young men of the university about them, and, each helping the other, brought about a bloodless revolution that secured, among other inestimable boons, the freedom of a censored, degraded press. And yet the only act of violence these young revolutionists committed was in entering a printing establishment and setting up with their own hands the type for Pétofi's poem, that afterward became the war-song of the national movement. At that very establishment was soon to be printed a proclamation granting twelve of their dearest wishes to the people. From this time Jókay changed the spelling of his name to Jókai, *y* being a badge of nobility hateful to disciples of the doctrine of liberty, fraternity, equality.

About this time Jókai married the Rachael of the Hungarian stage,

Rosa Labufalsy. The portrait of her that hangs in her husband's famous library shows a beautiful woman of intense sensitiveness, into whose face some of the sadness of her rôles seems to have crept. It was to her powers of impersonation and disguise that Jókai owed his life many years later, when, imprisoned and suffering in a dungeon, he was enabled to escape in her clothes to join Kossuth in the desperate fight against the allied armies of Austria and Russia. Since her death he has lived in retirement.

The bloodless revolution of 1848, which suddenly transformed Hungary into a modern state, possessing civil and religious liberty for which the young idealists led by Kossuth had labored with such passionate zeal, was not effected without antagonizing the old aristocracy, all of whose cherished institutions were suddenly swept away; or the semi-barbaric people of the peasant class, who could little appreciate the beneficent reforms. Into the awful civil war that followed, when the horrors of an Austrian-Russian invasion were added to the already desperate situation, Jókai plunged with magnificent heroism. Side by side with Kossuth, he fought with sword and pen. Those who heard him deliver an address at the Peace Congress at Brussels two years ago felt through his impassioned eloquence that the man had himself drained the bitterest dregs of war.

While Kossuth lived in exile in England and the United States, and many other compatriots escaped to Turkey and beyond, Jókai, in concealment at home, writing under an assumed name and with a price on his head, continued his work for social reform, until a universal pardon was granted by Austria and the saddened idealists once more dared show their faces in devastated Hungary.

Ripe with experience and full of splendid intellectual power, Jókai now turned his whole attention to literature. The pages of his novels glow with the warmth of the man's intensity of feeling: his pen had been touched by a living coal. He knew his country as no other man has known it; and transferred its types, its manners, its life in high degree and low, to the pages of his romances and dramas, with a brilliancy and mastery of style that captivated the people, whose idol he still remains. Scenes from Turkish life—in which, next to Hungarian, he is particularly interested; historical novels, romances of pure imagination, short tales, dramatic works, essays on literature and social questions, came pouring from his surcharged brain and heart. The very virtues of his work, its intensity, and the boundless scope of its imagination, sometimes produce a lack of unity and an improbability to which the hypercritical in the West draw attention with a sense of superior wisdom; but the Hungarians themselves, who know whereof he writes, can see no faults whatever in his work. It is essentially idealistic; the true and the beautiful shine through it with radiant lustre, in sharp distinction from the scenes of famine and carnage that abound. His Turkish stories have been described as "full of blood and roses."

Of his more mature productions, the best known are: "A Magyar Nabob"; "The Fools of Love"; "The New Landlord"; "Black Diamonds"; "A Romance of the Coming Century"; "Handsome Michael"; "God is One," in which the Unitarians play an important part; "A Nameless Castle," that gives an account of the Hungarian army employed against Napoleon in 1809; "Captive Ráby," a romance of the times of Joseph II; and "As We Grow Old," the latter being the author's own

favorite and, strangely enough, the people's also. Dr. Jókai greatly deplores that what the critics call his best work should not have been given to the English-speaking people.

In 1896 Hungary celebrated the completion of his fifty years of literary labor by issuing a beautiful jubilee edition of his works, for which the people of all grades of society subscribed \$100,000. Every county in the country sent him memorials in the form of albums wrought in gold and precious stones, two hundred of these souvenirs filling one side of the author's large library and reception-room. Low bookcases running around the walls are filled only with his own publications, the various editions of his three hundred and fifty books making a large library in themselves. The cabinets hold sketches and paintings sent by the artists of Hungary as a jubilee gift; there are cases containing carvings, embroidery, lace, and natural-history specimens sent him by the peasants, and orders in gold and silver, studded with jewels, with autograph letters from the kings and queens of Europe. In the midst of all this inspiring display of loving appreciation, Dr. Jókai has his desk; a pile of neatly written, even manuscript ever before him, for in his seventy-fourth year he still feels the old-time passion for work calling him to it early in the morning and holding him in its spell all the day long. A small room adjoining his library contains the books of reference he consults, a narrow bed like a soldier's, and a few window plants. It might be the room of a monk, so bare is it of what the world calls comforts. One devoted manservant attends to Dr. Jókai's simple wants with abundant leisure to spare.

While in Budapest Dr. Jókai is seldom seen away from home, except in Parliament, where he has a seat in the Upper House, or at the theatre where his plays are regularly performed, or at the table of a few dear relatives and old-time friends. His life is exceedingly simple and well ordered.

Just a little way back on the hills that rise beyond Buda, across the Danube and overlooking wide stretches of beautiful, fertile country, stands Dr. Jókai's summer-home. His garden is a paradise. Quantities of roses climb over the unpretentious house, the paths are lined with them; gay beds of poppies and other familiar favorites in our Western gardens, but many new to American eyes, crowd the fruit that grows in delightful abundance everywhere, for Dr. Jókai tends his garden with his own hands, and his horticultural wisdom is only second to his knowledge of the Turkish wars. His apples, pears, and roses win prizes at all the shows, and his little book, "Hints on Gardening," propagates a large crop of like-minded enthusiasts year after year. Now, as ever, any knowledge he has he shares with the people. After a long life of bitter stress and labor, abundant peace has come in the latter days.

Hungary boasts four great men: Liszt, Munkacsy, Kossuth, and Jókai, who was the intimate friend of the other three.

NEW YORK, June, 1898.

NELTJE BLANCHAN.



Mr. Lowell in Spain

ROYAL FUNCTIONS AT MADRID DESCRIBED BY THE FOREMOST AMERICAN
AUTHOR OF HIS DAY

IT WAS JUST twenty-one years ago (14 Aug. 1877) that the late James Russell Lowell arrived in Madrid as American Minister at the Spanish Court; yet no clearer insight into the state of affairs in Spain at the present day can possibly be had, than is to be obtained from the reading of his official despatches to the Secretary of State at Washington. By knowledge of the history and the language of the country, he was already well equipped for his mission when President Hayes appointed him, and in a comparatively short time he had acquainted himself with the social and political conditions then prevalent, so that his comments on men and measures are a veritable gold mine to anyone desirous of tracing the causes of conditions prevalent to-day. To read Washington Irving's despatches of fifty years ago and Mr. Lowell's of thirty years later, is to be struck by the similarity of the conditions they reveal, and the close resemblance between the conditions of 1845 and 1878 and those of the present year of grace. The function of this review is literary, however, rather than political, and while everything that Mr. Lowell ever wrote bears the earmarks of his polished style, the charm of that style is more palpable in the occasional descriptions of royal functions which he sent to Mr. Evarts, than in the philosophical discourses with which he conceived it to be his duty to vary the monotony of his official correspondence about tariff charges, claims for damages, office expenses, etc.

Mr. Lowell's first despatch from Spain is dated Monday, 20 Aug. 1877. It notes his arrival at Madrid on the preceding Tuesday, and that Mr. A. A. Adeë, "our Chargé d'Affaires, of whose zealous kindness I cannot say too much," met him at the frontier, and promptly arranged for his own audience of leave-taking and Mr. Lowell's audience of reception on Saturday, Aug. 18. (Mr. Adeë, the beginning of whose service in the State Department antedated this episode by several years, has been since 1886 our Second Assistant Secretary of State—an able and experienced official whose career pleads trumpet-tongued for the cause of rational Civil Service methods in all departments of our government.)

"At the request of Señor Silvela, Minister of State, the Minister of the Interior very courteously placed at our disposal the private traveling carriage of Señor Cánovas del Castillo, who is at present absent from Madrid." Arrived at La Granja, where the Court was summering, our Minister was kept waiting twenty minutes beyond the hour appointed for his audience with the King. The Introducer apologized, and Mr. Lowell said that he was personally satisfied, but that it should be remembered that it was not he, "but the United States, that were kept waiting." It transpired that the King had been waiting all the time in the audience chamber, and it was then the Minister's turn to apologize, which he accordingly did.

During their brief stay at La Granja, both Mr. Lowell and Mr. Adee were treated by the King and his suite with marked courtesy, one of the pleasantest features of their sojourn being a dinner *en famille* with the royal family.

Mr. Lowell's official correspondence teems with references to and illustrations of Spain's good-will toward the United States. One evidence of this was her enthusiastic reception of Gen. Grant; another, her refusal to impose retaliatory duties when a special tonnage tax had been imposed by us on Spanish vessels entering our ports; others still were furnished by the gift of testimonials to American officers who had saved Spanish lives or property. On 1 Feb. 1878, Mr. Lowell wrote, in reference to the case of the whaling schooners *Ellen Rizpah*, *Rising Sun* and *Edward Lee*:—"The Spanish Government has acted with extraordinary promptness in the matter, if I may judge by the experience of my colleagues here, thus giving a further proof of its disposition to maintain friendly relations with the United States."—Again, on 14 March 1879, he acknowledged the receipt, in behalf of the Historical Society of St. Louis, of a photograph of King Alfonso with autograph below, "set in a very handsome frame of iron enamelled with gold and silver—a species of work peculiar to Spain."

Whereas many if not all of Washington Irving's despatches were written in his own handwriting throughout, all but three of Mr. Lowell's are in the handwriting of the secretary, bearing only the Minister's signature. On these three occasions the necessity of being his own secretary was imposed by his own kindness in granting special holidays to Mr. Dwight Reed, for whose health and happiness he shows a generous solicitude. Fortunately for the representative of *The Critic* who spent two days in Washington of late, copying out Mr. Lowell's despatches, Mr. Reed writes a large, clear and upright hand, which, if not quite as elegant as his chief's, is, if anything, more legible. The letters which have been chosen for reproduction here are those in which our Minister describes the King's first marriage, at the age of twenty-one, to his cousin Mercedes; the attempt upon his life; his bereavement, and his second marriage, to the Austrian Archduchess Maria Cristina.

The King's First Marriage

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

MADRID, 13 Dec. 1877.

SIR: Yesterday the diplomatic body received official communication of the intended marriage of the King with his cousin the Princess Mercedes, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. Thus the famous Spanish marriages of thirty years ago, which helped to dethrone Louis Philippe, have borne fruit at last, and one of his grandchildren will share, though she cannot occupy, the throne of Spain. The result is not precisely what was intended, but comes nearer to

being so than mortal plans or prophecies commonly do. The King is very intelligent and performs all his ceremonial functions with grace. The Princess is good looking, of suitable age, and has been well and sensibly brought up. The match is said, by those best entitled to know, to be one of affection on both sides, and so seldom does love contrive to win his way into a palace under any disguise, that I am quite ready to believe he has managed it at last. Malice, no doubt, would contrive to find ground in this case also for some suspicion of a dynastic arrangement, based on the hope of an Orleanist Restoration in France by the management of the Duke of Broglie. It is so hard, however, to make out the truth of history, even after it has been written with seeming clearness in events, that it is hardly worth while attempting to divine the precise bearing and significance of such parts of it as do not contrive to get written at all. If any such hope conduced to the present matrimonial arrangement, it has been apparently baffled by the admirable self-restraint of the French people. It would certainly have been a very natural and even praiseworthy hope, if ever entertained, from a Spanish point of view, but that it had any influence at all in the affair is nothing more than a surmise that has sometimes suggested itself to my mind during the last few months. At any rate it is a truce, not a peace, that has been arrived at in France, and that as the result rather of a drawn battle than of a victory.

The royal wedding is to take place on the 23d of next month, with as much as possible of traditional Spanish ceremony and modes of public rejoicing. Meanwhile, as a natural preliminary, the price of everything has doubled in Madrid, and the city is reckoning, in what is generally called by Europeans a very American spirit, on the profit to be made out of the strangers who will be tempted into its net.

Before this reaches you, you will doubtless have received an official communication through the Spanish Minister at Washington.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. R. LOWELL.

3 Feb. 1878.

SIR: Immediately on receiving the President's telegram congratulating the King upon his approaching marriage, I communicated the substance of it to the Minister of State and asked for an audience that I might present it in person to His Majesty. On Monday (the 21st ultimo) accordingly I was received by King Alfonso in private audience and delivered my message, at the same time adding that it gave me particular pleasure to be the bearer of it. The King in reply desired me to convey to the President his great pleasure in receiving this expression of sympathy from the Chief Magistrate of a people with which he wished always to maintain and draw closer the most friendly relations. A very gracefully turned compliment to the messenger followed.

The King, I may add, performs all these ceremonial parts of his function with a grace, tact and good humor which have struck me as indicating a singularly agile intelligence as well as an amiable character.

I think that this act of courtesy on the part of the President has really given pleasure here, and has not been entirely lost in the throng of special ambassadors who have been dispatched hither with numerous suites to pay the royal compliments of the occasion.

As these special ambassadors had been received in public audience, I had some doubt whether I ought to consent, as being in this case the immediate representative of the President, to be received privately. But the time was too short for much consideration. The audience was to be at half-past one o'clock, and I received notice of it only the night before. Had it been a *letter* of the President, I should have insisted on its being received publicly. As it was, I thought it most prudent and graceful to admit the distinction between Extraordinary Ambassadors sent with great pomp to bring gifts and decorations, and a mere Minister Plenipotentiary, especially as it would have otherwise been impossible to deliver the message at all before the wedding.

The difficulty was heightened by my having only just risen from a very severe attack of illness, which made it necessary for me to economise my strength in order to take any part at all in the ceremonies. I have the honor, etc.,

J. R. LOWELL.

MADRID, 6 FEBRUARY 1878.

IN THESE days of newspaper enterprise, when everything that happens, ought to happen, or might have happened, is reported by telegraph to all quarters of the world, the slow-gowing despatch bag can hardly be expected to bring anything very fresh or interesting in regard to a public ceremonial which, though intended for political effect, had little political significance. The next-morning frames of fireworks are not inspiring except to the moralist, and Madrid is already quarrelling over the cost and mismanagement of a show for the tickets to which it was quarrelling a week ago. Yet a few words will not be out of place upon a royal holiday which but yesterday divided the attention of the world with the awful historical tragedy of the East and the momentous social problems which are looming in the West. Nowhere in the world could a spectacle have been presented which recalled so various, so far-reaching and in some respects so sublime associations, yet rendered depressing by a sense of anachronism, of decay, and of that unreality which is all the sadder for being gorgeous. The Roman amphitheatre (*flanum et circenses*), the united escutcheons from whose quartering dates the downfall of Saracenic civilization and dominion in Spain; the banners of Lepanto and of the Inquisition fading together into senile oblivion on the walls of the Atocha; the names and titles that recalled the conquest of western empires or the long defeat whose heroism established the independence of the United Provinces and proved that a confederacy of traders could be heroic; the state-coaches, plumed horses, blazing liveries and running footmen of Louis Quatorze; the partisans of Philip III's body-guard, the three-cornered hats, white breeches and long black gaiters of a century ago, mingled pellmell with the French shakoes and red trousers of to-day; the gay or sombre costumes from every province of Spain, some recalling the Moor and some the motley mercenaries of Lope de Figueroa; the dense and mostly silent throng which lined for miles the avenue to the church, crowding the windows with white mantillas, fringing the eaves and ridgepoles, and clustered like swarming bees on every kind of open ground; all these certainly touched the imagination, but in my case, at least, with a chill as of the dead man's hand that played so large a part in earlier incantations to recall the buried or delay the inevitable. There was everything to remind one of the past; there was nothing to suggest the future.

And yet I am unjust. There were the young King and his bride radiant with spirit and hope, rehearsing the idyll which is charming alike to youth and age, and giving pledges, as I hope and believe, of more peaceful and prosperous years to come for a country which has had too much glory and too little good house-keeping. No one familiar with Spanish history, or who has even that superficial knowledge of her national character which is all that a foreigner is capable of acquiring, can expect any sudden or immediate regeneration. The bent of ages is not to be straightened in a day by never so many liberal constitutions, nor by the pedantic application of theories drawn from foreign experience, the result of a wholly different past.

If the ninety years since the French Revolution have taught anything, it is that institutions grow, and cannot be made to order,—that they grow out of an actual past, and are not to be conspired out of a conjectural future,—that human nature is stronger than any invention of man. How much of this lesson has been learned in Spain, it is hard to say; but if the young King apply his really acute intelligence, as those who know him best believe he will, to the conscientious exercise of constitutional powers and the steady development of parliamentary methods, till party leaders learn that an ounce of patience is worth a pound of passion, Spain may at length count on that duration of tranquility the want of which has been the chief obstacle to her material development. Looked at in this light, the pomps of the wedding festival on the 23d of last month may be something more than a mere show. Nor should it be forgotten that here it is not the idea of Law but of Power that is rooted in the consciousness of the people, and that ceremonial is the garment of Authority.

Madrid, as you know, being an improvised capital, is not the see of a Bishop, and accordingly has no cathedral. The Atocha is a small church, and the ceremony there was necessarily private, thus lacking the popular *affluente* and the perspective which a building of ample proportions would have given to it. But the splendor of the costumes, especially those of the higher clergy and the heralds at arms, which are the same now as five hundred years ago, gave one the feeling that he saw the original scene of some illuminated page in Froissart. I was struck by the great number of times that the phrase *rey católico de España* was repeated during the wedding service, and with the emphasis which the officiating prelate, the Archbishop of Toledo, seemed to lay upon the adjective, the *legal* title of Alfonso XII being *rey constitucional*. I was struck also with the look of genuine happiness in the faces of the royal bride and bridegroom, which strongly confirmed the opinion of those who believe that the match is one of love and not of convenience.

The ceremony over, the King and Queen preceded by the Cabinet Ministers, the special ambassadors, and the grandes of Spain, and followed by other personages, all in coaches of state, drove at a footpace to the Palace, where their Majesties received the congratulations of the Court, and afterwards passed in review the garrison of Madrid. By invitation of the President of the Council, the Foreign Legations witnessed the royal procession from the balconies of the Presidency. It was a very picturesque spectacle, and yet so comically like a scene from "Cinderella" as to have a strong flavor of unreality. It was the past coming back again, and thus typified one of the chronic maladies of Spain. There was no enthusiasm, noth-

ing more than the curiosity of idleness which would have drawn as great a crowd to gape at the entry of a Japanese ambassador. I heard none of the shouts of which I read in some of the newspapers the next day. No inference, however, should be drawn from this as to the popularity or unpopularity of the King. The people of the capital have been promised the millenium too often, and have been too constantly disappointed to indulge in many illusions. Spain, isolated as in many respects she is, cannot help suffering in sympathy with the commercial depression of the rest of the world, and Spaniards, like the rest of mankind, look to a change of ministry for a change in the nature of things. The internal policies of the country (even if I could hope to understand them, as I am studying to do) do not come directly within my province; but it is safe to say that Spain is lucky in having her ablest recent statesman at the head of affairs, though at the cost of many other private ambitions. That he has to steer according to the prevailing set of the wind is perhaps rather the necessity of his position than the fault of his inclination. Whoever has seen the breasts of the peasantry fringed with charms older than Carthage and relics as old as Rome, and those of the upper classes plastered with decorations, will not expect Spain to become conscious of the nineteenth century, and ready to welcome it, in a day.

On Thursday there was a grand public reception at the Palace, at which five thousand persons are said to have filed before their Majesties in witness of their loyalty. All palaces since the *grand siècle* have been more or less tawdry, but that of Madrid has a certain massive dignity, and the throne-room especially has space and height enough to give proper effect to ceremonies of this kind. The young Queen wore her crown for the first time, and performed her new functions with the grace of entire self-possession. The ceremony, naturally somewhat tedious in itself, acquired more interest from the fact that the presence or absence of certain personages was an event of more or less political importance.

In the evening there was a dinner to the special ambassadors and the Diplomatic Corps, followed by a very crowded reception at the Palace of the Presidency, at which all of Madrid that has a name seemed to be present. The fine apartments were crowded until half-past two in the morning. The street on which the Palace stands (the Alcala) was so crammed for its whole length with people, that the carriages of Ministers on their way to the dinner were unable to pass. The mob (and a Madrid mob is no joke) became so threatening that foreign representatives were forced to renounce their privilege of free passage and to reach their dinners in a more roundabout and diplomatic fashion. It is to the credit of their professional ability that all arrived in season. I have seen nothing so characteristic since my arrival as the wild faces, threatening gestures and frightful imprecations of this jam of human beings, which, reasonably enough, refused to be driven over.

On Friday took place the first bull-fight, at which every inhabitant of Madrid and all foreigners commorant therein deemed it his natural right to be present. The latter, indeed, asserted that the teleological reason for the existence of Legations was to supply their countrymen with tickets to this particular spectacle for nothing. Though I do not share in the belief that the sole use of a foreign minister is to save the cost of a *valet de place* to people who can perfectly well afford to pay for one, I did all I could to have my countrymen fare as well as the rest of the world. And so they did,

if they were willing to buy the tickets which were for sale at every corner. The distribution of them had been performed on some principle unheard of out of Spain and apparently not understood even there, so that everybody was dissatisfied, most of all those who got them.

The day was as disagreeable as the Prince of the Powers of the Air could make it, even with special reference to a festival. A furious and bitterly cold wind discharged volleys of coarse dust, which stung like sleet, in every direction at once, and seemed always to threaten rain or snow, but unable to make up its mind as to which would be most unpleasant, decided on neither. Yet the broad avenue to the amphitheatre was continually blocked by the swarm of vehicles of every shape, size, color and discomfort that the nightmare of a bankrupt livery stabler could have invented. All the hospitals and prisons for decayed or condemned carriages seemed to have discharged their inmates for the day, and all found willing victims. And yet all Madrid seemed flocking toward the common magnet on foot also.

I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped early. It was my first bull-fight and will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalizing spectacle in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull. As I came out I was nearly ridden down by a mounted guard, owing to my want of any official badge. For the moment I almost wished myself the representative of Liberia. Since this dreadful day the 16,000 spectators who were so happy as to be present have done nothing but blow their noses and cough.

By far the prettiest and most interesting feature of the week was the dancing, in the *plaza de armas* before the Palace, of deputations from all the provinces of Spain, in their picturesque costumes. The dancers were rather curious than graceful, and it was odd that the only one which we are accustomed to consider preëminently Spanish, the *cachucha*, was performed by two professional dancers. The rest had, however, a higher interest from their manifest antiquity and almost rudimentary characters. When the dances were over, the deputations were ranged in file, and passed in review by the King and his guests. One was struck by the general want of beauty, whether of face or form, in both sexes, and by the lowness of stature. But there was great vigor of body and the hard features had an expression of shrewdness and honesty. By far the prettiest among the women were those from Andalusia.

The same evening (Sunday) the King entertained the special ambassadors and diplomatic body at dinner, and this was followed by a reception. A dinner where one is planted between two entire strangers, and expected to be entertaining in an alien tongue, will, one may hope, be reckoned to our credit in another world. The reception had one striking and novel feature, and this was the marching past of the Madrid garrison with colored lanterns and torches. It was a spectacle of vivid picturesqueness.

Besides these hospitalities there were two performances at the opera, which I did not attend. During the whole week the city was gay with colored hangings by day, and bright with illuminations (some of them very pretty) by night.

At last the natural order of things began again. As on all such occasions there had been long and constantly heightening expectation, short fruition, and general relief when all was over. Everybody grumbled, everybody could have managed things better; and yet on

the whole, I think, everything went off almost better than could have been expected.

J. R. LOWELL.

The Death of Queen Mercedes

MADRID, 3 July, 1878.

SIR : At my first interview with Mr. Silvela after my return from my furlough, he told me that the Queen was ill. Driving too late, he said, by the side of the lake in the Casa del Campo, she had taken cold; some symptoms of fever had shown themselves; there were fears lest these should assume a typhoidal character; the symptoms were complicated and the diagnosis made less easy by her being with child; as she had already miscarried once, the doctors might order her to keep her bed or a reclining-chair for months to come; naturally there was some anxiety, but her youth and strong constitution were greatly in her favor. Mr. Silvela spoke with a great deal of feeling, but certainly did not give me the impression that the case was so very serious, much less that it was hopeless. It seemed rather to be only a question whether the Queen would be able to hold the reception which had been announced for her birthday (the 24th).

This was on the 19th of June. Two days afterward I read in the morning paper that the case was putting on a grave look, and that the physicians hitherto in attendance (all of them accoucheurs) began to fear that the real disease was gastric fever, all the more to be dreaded in the Queen's case, as one of her sisters had died of it, and one of her brothers, after lingering a year, of the weakness consequent upon an attack of it. I at once went over to the palace to make inquiries and to inscribe my name in the book placed for the purpose in the Mayordomia Mayor. I did not see Mr. Silvela, but Señor Ferraz, the under secretary, told me that the Queen's condition was alarming.

Next day the crowd of inquirers (a crowd embracing all classes) became so great that a separate register for the diplomatic corps was placed in the department of state, and regular bulletins began to be issued three times a day.

Up to this time the situation of the Queen could not have been considered as one of eminent danger, for the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had not been summoned, and the patient was still attended only by the physicians already mentioned. The first consultation at which eminent practitioners from outside the palace attended, took place on the 24th. Meanwhile, the wildest and, I may say, most atrocious rumors were current among the vulgar, so atrocious, indeed, that I will not shock you with a repetition of them.

From this time forward I went several times every day to ask for news at the palace. Even so late as Tuesday the 25th the case was not thought desperate. On that day I was assured that it was the opinion of the physicians that if the internal hemorrhage (which had been one of the worst features of the case) did not recur during the night, recovery was certain. It did not recur, but nevertheless the weakness of the sufferer became so excessive that extremeunction was administered early on the morning of Wednesday. After this there was a slight rally, followed by a rapid loss of strength and consciousness, ending in death at a quarter past twelve.

During the last few days of the Queen's illness, the aspect of the city had been strikingly impressive. It was, I think, sensibly

less noisy than usual, as if it were all a chamber of death, in which the voice must be bated. Groups gathered and talked in undertone. About the palace there was a silent crowd day and night, and there could be no question that the sorrow was universal and profound. On the last day I was at the palace just when the poor girl was dying. As I crossed the great interior court-yard, which was perfectly empty, I was startled by a dull roar not unlike that of the vehicles in a great city. It was reverberated and multiplied by the huge cavern of the palace court. At first I could see nothing that accounted for it, but presently found that the arched corridors all around the square were filled, both on the ground floor and the first story, with an anxious crowd, whose eager questions and answers, though subdued to the utmost, produced the strange thunder I had heard. It almost seemed for a moment as if the palace itself had become vocal.

At the time of the royal marriage I told you that the crowd in the streets was indifferent and silent. My own impression was confirmed by that of others. The match was certainly not popular, nor did the bride call forth any marks of public sympathy. The position of the young Queen was difficult and delicate, demanding more than common tact and discretion to make it even tenable, much more, influential. On the day of her death the difference was immense. Sorrow and sympathy were in every heart and on every face. By her good temper, good sense, and womanly virtues, the girl of seventeen had not only endeared herself to those immediately about her, but had become an important factor in the destiny of Spain. I know very well what divinity doth hedge royal personages, and how truly legendary they become even during their lives, but it is no exaggeration to say that she had made herself an element of the public welfare, and that her death is a national calamity. Had she lived she would have given stability to the throne of her husband, over whom her influence was wholly for good. She was not beautiful, but the cordial simplicity of her manner, the grace of her bearing, her fine eyes, and the youth and purity of her face gave her a charm that mere beauty never attains.

Seldom has an event combined more impressive circumstances. Youth, station, love, happiness, promise, every element of hope and confidence, were present to give pathos to the sudden catastrophe. It seemed but yesterday that she had passed through the city in bridal triumph. On that day, as in most Spanish ceremonies of the kind, an empty carriage, called a *coche de respeto*, was one of the peculiar features of the procession. On the day of the funeral the *coche de respeto* was the huge vehicle (prophetically, as it should almost seem, named *de ambos mundos*), drawn by eight white horses, in which we had seen her pass a happy bride. Surely the two worlds were never more impressively brought face to face.

Grief and sympathy were universal, and with these a not unnatural anxiety about the future. The young King has borne himself with great manliness and self-restraint, though his face shows deep marks of the trial he has endured and has still to endure. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier receive less sympathy, for, as generally on such occasions, there are not wanting those who see in the Queen's death a blow of retributive justice for the royal marriages of 1846, forgetting into how many obscure households Death may have entered on the same day and left behind him the same desolation.

One cannot help recalling the familiar stanza of Malherbe:—

"Le pauvre en sa cabane qui de chaume se couvre
 Est sujet à ses lois,
 Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
 N'en défend point nos rois."

The moment I heard of the Queen's death I sent a note to Mr. Silvela, of which a copy is annexed. I also, on receiving the President's dispatch, instantly inclosed to him a copy of it. I was very glad that the President thought proper to send it, for it could not fail to be grateful, as, indeed, I am sure it has been.

To-day at noon the diplomatic corps were received in audiences of condolence (painfully trying on both sides) by the King, the Princess of Asturias, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, with their surviving unmarried daughter. The King leaves to-morrow morning for the Escorial, where it is said he will spend a month.

On the 17th of this month a solemn mass for the repose of the late Queen's soul will be celebrated at the expense and under the direction of the Government. The other foreign ministers here have written to their respective governments, asking to be deputed as special envoys for that occasion. I shall accordingly send you a telegram asking whether, in case they should be so deputed, I should assume the same function myself.

J. R. LOWELL.

Attempted Assassination of the King

MADRID, October 29, 1878.

SIR: The telegraph will have long ago informed you of the attempt made last Friday (25th) upon the life of the King. As the Minister of Foreign Affairs at once sent off telegrams to all Spanish ministers abroad, I did not think it necessary to send a cable dispatch.

The King was making his entry into Madrid on his return from a tour of several weeks in the northern provinces, in the course of which he had directed the autumn manœuvres of the troops at Vitoria. It was his first public appearance in Madrid since the death of his Queen on the 26th of June, and it was no doubt hoped, if not expected, that the still surviving sympathy with that great calamity would communicate some of its warmth to the crowd which lined the streets through which he passed. In spite of the officially-reported enthusiasm, the young monarch's reception in the north had been more than cool. His tour, so far as concerns any political effect, had been so complete a failure that the original route sketched out for him had been changed, and he forebore to visit certain towns rather than run the risk of hostile demonstrations more emphatic than silence. Perhaps Madrid would be less indifferent. Friday was a chilly and lowering day, but the profound silence of the throng which had gathered to see the pageant go by added a chill to that of the weather. The official cheers from the government buildings but emphasized the general silence.

The King was passing along the Calle Mayor, and drawing near to the palace. Hitherto he had gone at a foot pace, but now, as he said afterwards, "he began to be impatient to get home," and spurred his horse to a trot. Just as he did so, a shot was heard. The King, who showed great coolness, reined up, and faced in the direction from which it came. The would-be assassin, who had moved a few paces from where he had been standing, and had put on the air of an interested spectator, was pointed out by some women who had seen him fire, and at once arrested. No pistol was found upon him (though

there were caps and cartridges in his pocket), nor has any since been traced. He is said to have fired twice, but only one ball has been found, and this had apparently rebounded after striking the house opposite. At first it was reported that a soldier had been slightly wounded; then that the ball had passed through the sleeve of his coat, and now even this seems doubtful.

The criminal is a young man named Oliva, a Catalanian, and by trade a cooper. He belongs to a respectable family in easy circumstances, who found it impossible to restrain his irregular tendencies, and to give him a career more suitable to their own condition in life. He at once avowed his crime, and with melodramatic dignity announced himself a socialist and member of the International. He denied having accomplices, though the disappearance of his pistol seems to imply it. It is a curious illustration of the artificial state of politics here, that, although the King would naturally be glad to pardon the criminal, it is said that he will be unable to do so lest the whole affair should seem a tragic comedy arranged beforehand between the ministry and the actors as a test of popular sentiment.

On Saturday, the 26th, the King received the felicitations of the diplomatic body. Among other things he said to me, "I almost wish he had hit me, I am so tired." Indeed, his position is a trying one, and I feel sure that if he were allowed more freely to follow his own impulses and to break through the hedge of etiquette which the conservative wing of the restoration have planted between him and his people, his natural qualities of character and temperament would make him popular.

On the same afternoon (Saturday) the King drove out with his sister the Princess of Asturias, himself holding the reins and without guards. He was well received by the people, though the effect was dampened by the factitious enthusiasm of some soldiers, who, it is said, had been blunderingly detailed for the purpose by the captain-general of the province.

The only possible effect, or perhaps I should say consequence, of the event of Friday, would be to make the policy of the present ministry more reactionary and repressive. Already the *Política*, the organ, as it is called, of Señor Cánovas, is urging such a course, and declaring that the act of Moncasi is but a symptom of the general feeling of Catalonia, with which province severe measures should be taken. But the majority even of the ministerial press is more sensible and not yet ready to identify political opposition either with regicide or rebellion.

Mr. Seward's telegram directing me to convey to His Majesty the congratulations of the President and people of the United States on his providential escape was received on Sunday morning. I at once communicated it to the minister of state in the note of which a copy is inclosed, and on the following day received Mr. Silvela's reply, a copy and translation of which are also hereto annexed.

J. R. LOWELL.

General Grant's Visit to Spain

MADRID, October 29, 1878.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that General Grant arrived here on the morning of the 18th. At the station he was received by the civil governor of the province, by a general and two aides-de-camp on the part of the Minister of War, and by the members of this

legation. At all the stations on the road he was greeted by the local authorities. Though he arrived in Madrid on the day he originally fixed, he had entered Spain three days earlier than he intended, in compliance with an invitation of the King (received through the Spanish consul at Bordeaux) to be present at the autumn manœuvres near Vitoria.

General Grant while there was presented to the King, dined with him, and rode by his side during one of the reviews. He spoke in very warm terms of the excellent quality, appearance, and discipline of the Spanish troops.

During his stay here he visited the various museums, the Escorial and Toledo. To the last place I was unable to accompany him on account of an engagement to dine with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. On Saturday he and Mrs. Grant were received in private audience by the Princess of Asturias. On Monday evening they dined at my house, meeting the president of the council, the ministers of foreign affairs and of war, the civil and military governors, and the principal foreign ministers. After the dinner a reception took place, where as many persons as my house would accommodate were presented to the General and Mrs. Grant.

The next day Mr. Cánovas del Castillo gave a great dinner in honor of General Grant at the Palace of the Presidency, after which the chief guests withdrew to the opera, where the ministerial box had been put at their disposal, and whither Mrs. Grant had gone earlier in the evening.

General Grant left Madrid on Friday, the 25th, at 9 o'clock p. m., for Lisbon, the Portuguese minister here having already telegraphed his coming in order that he should be properly received. In consequence of this latter circumstance it was impossible for him to delay his departure in order to take formal leave of the King, as he otherwise would gladly have done. I made the proper explanations and apologies to His Majesty at our reception next day.

Every possible attention and courtesy were shown to General Grant during his stay by the Spanish Government, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs took occasion to tell me that these civilities were intended not only to show respect and good will to General Grant, but to the Government and people of the United States.

General Grant several times expressed to me very warmly his pleasure and satisfaction at the manner in which he had been received and treated. Both he and Mrs. Grant spoke repeatedly of the great enjoyment they had had in their visit.

From Portugal General Grant goes to Cadiz, and thence to Malaga. From Malaga he will visit Granada, Cordova, and Seville, going thence to Gibraltar. Mr. Silvela begged me to keep him informed of the General's movements in Spain, in order that the necessary orders might be given for his fitting reception everywhere by the public authorities.

I have, &c.,

J. R. LOWELL.

The King's Second Marriage

MADRID, 16 Nov. 1879.

SIR: I have the honor to enclose copy and translation of the official note communicating the intended marriage of the King, and also a copy of my reply.

Naturally this event does not excite either the sympathies or the animosities awakened by the wedding of twenty-two months ago, and it occurs at a time when the country is saddened by the terrible inundations of Murcia, and public attention distracted by the recent news from Cuba. The young Archduchess is said to possess qualities likely to render her popular, if only she is able to disarm the criticism to which any foreign and perhaps especially any Austrian princess will be exposed in Spain.

The match is declared to have no political significance whatever, though circumstances may easily be imagined in which the eagerness of many Spaniards that Spain should follow the example of Italy under the leadership of Cavour might guide it in an importance which it does not intrinsically possess.

J. R. LOWELL.

MADRID, 15 Dec. 1879.

SIR: I have not deemed it necessary to trouble you with any details of the royal wedding, which differed in no respect from that of two years ago, fully described in my despatch at the time. The only notable difference was the presence of the Queen Mother, who naturally absented herself from the former ceremony in which a daughter of the brother-in-law who had been the main instrument of her dethronement was the bride.

It is a curious fact that the ex-Queen was received wherever she showed herself in public with the most noisy demonstrations of popularity, in marked contrast with the silence with which her son and his Austrian bride were received. This was partly, no doubt, intended to heighten the emphasis of the public indifference toward them, but it was also a proof of her personal popularity, which is still very great in spite of all her faults and follies, and perhaps it might be said in consequence of them.

I do not mention this as having the least political significance, but only as a fact worth recording, and as another proof that the very qualities or defects of character which make those that are marked by them bad rulers, are a large constituent in the affection with which they are regarded by the unthinking. The father of Isabel II, one of the basest men and worst kings that ever lived, was always popular, mainly because he contrived to pass off as careless good humor the cynical want of feeling with which he perpetrated his treacheries, perjuries and cruelties.

The new Queen attracts sympathy by the gracious cordiality of her manners, her youth and the dignity of her bearing. She is good-looking without being beautiful; she has the projecting chin of her race, though softened in her by feminine delicacy of feature. One seems to see in her a certain resemblance to Mary Antoinette, and she mounts a throne that certainly seems less firm than that of France when her kinswoman arrived in Paris to share what all believed would be the prosperous fortunes of its heir-apparent. Such associations lent a kind of pathos to the unaffected happiness which lighted the face of Maria Christina.

J. R. LOWELL.



Tolstoy and His Theories

Apropos of the Jubilee of His Life Work*

IN TIMES like these, of uneven and disorderly progress, quacks and enthusiasts are never wanting to prophesy universal peace and the mystical union of souls. But until some man of extraordinary ability comes—some thinker like our own Emerson, but gifted with the power of touching the sympathies and imaginations of the people, and of communicating an impulse towards some sort of concerted action,—the movement which they represent is sterile. Such a leader is Tolstoy. Passive resistance as practised and preached by him may easily become formidable. Tolstoyism may prove to be but a passing phase of Russian unrest; but, on the other hand, it may develop serious results, and that not alone in Russia, but in other countries as well.

Mr. Perris's biography is an attempt to trace the evolution of the Tolstoy that we all know,—the aristocrat who has turned peasant, the revolutionist who mocks at liberalism, the Russian who opposes Moscovite expansion, the Christian who abjures every historic form of Christianity, the artist who disbelieves in beauty, the author of world-wide reputation who gives away his works to whoever will print them. His material is taken almost entirely from Tolstoy's own writings. Several of these are strictly autobiographical; and in his novels there is usually some personage who unmistakably reflects the author's opinions, and from whose adventures we may guess at what is missing. The memoirs which Tolstoy has entrusted to a Moscow friend to be published ten years after his decease, can hardly add anything essential to the story of his life.

In "Childhood and Youth," begun while the author was campaigning in the Caucasus, we have a picture of early life on his father's estate, and, after his mother's death, in Moscow, where he became desperately unhappy because of his big hands and feet and peasant-like features. It is not to be wondered at that his priggish French tutor and the silly aristocrats who visited at his father's house, and whose elegance contrasted with his clumsiness, were wholly uncongenial to him. It was little better at the University of Kazan, which he entered after his father's death. Yet the two or three years which he spent there were not unimportant, though Mr. Perris gives but a slight account of them. They brought the young Tolstoy under the sway of modern scepticism. He lost faith in the state religion, in which he had been brought up, and acquired a smattering of Oriental languages and philosophy, which last has had much to do with the growth of his later beliefs. The old home at Yasnya Pol-yana (Fairfields) fell to his share at the division of the estate, and he was quick to return thither without waiting to complete his course at the University. The most interesting pages in "Childhood and

* Count Leo Tolstoy: A Biography. By G. H. Perris. New Amsterdam Book Co. What is Art? By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Youth" are those which describe the effect of a renewed familiarity with nature on the discontented, doubting, expectant state of mind in which he now was. He would spend the day in the woods, or by the river, or in the thick of the overgrown raspberry patch in the garden; and, at night, he slept on the floor of the veranda in order to watch the shadows among the birch trees, and the glitter of the pond in the moonlight. When his hunchbacked servant, Foka, had gone up to bed with his candle, and everybody in the house was asleep, visions of the ideal woman would delight and torment him, until her beauty, dissolved in the moonlight, became, as it were, mingled with all nature; and, as he puts it, "Nature, the moon and myself seemed one and the same." In this earliest fragment of autobiography it is easy to trace the emotional beginning of Tolstoyism, —the peasant proclivities, the distaste for the artificial life of his class, the impatience with whatever is dubious or enigmatical, the romantic mysticism which, in one form or another, reappear in all his later works.

A visit from his elder brother, who was a captain of artillery, determined Tolstoy to try a soldier's career; and, for a few years, he led a wild life in the Caucasus, hunting, gambling and fighting, in comparative peace of mind and freedom from doubt and scruples. But, at the outbreak of the Crimean war, he got himself transferred to the army of the Danube, and ultimately to Sebastopol. His service in the Caucasus had shown him little more than the romantic side of war; in Sebastopol he became familiar with its horrors; and in his account of the siege we have the first of that series of death scenes which are so remarkable a feature of his writings. The dying Praskukhin in one of these Sebastopol sketches, the wounded Pierre in "War and Peace," Nikita in "Master and Man," all realize, when confronted with death, the pettiness of the aims which had occupied them, and experience something of that feeling of expansion which Tolstoy had known on those moonlight nights on the veranda. But the practical peasant element in him seems to have forbidden dwelling on this feeling. The question which occurs to him on the brink of the grave does not concern what lies beyond. It is: "What am I to do with this present life?"

Liberalism seemed, for a time, to promise an answer. After the close of the war Tolstoy had made the tour of Western Europe, and on his return he was full of plans for improving the condition of the peasantry. The Emperor's decree of emancipation, and his own marriage favored these schemes; but the mujiks neither understood nor cared for liberal ideas, and the unequal war between absolutists and terrorists that succeeded to the short liberal regime completely upset his program. This is the period of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina." Tolstoy had begun to consider the romantic ideals of his youth as destructive of human happiness, and the current philosophy of history as an elaborate lie. The strongest human

impulses, in the individual and in the mass of mankind (in the lovers in "Anna Karénina," the warring nations in "War and Peace"), were blind and irrational, subject to no law that could be discovered. The half animal life of the peasants who were obliged to exert themselves continually in work, the utility of which they could not question, seemed the only one worth living. Levine, who stands for Tolstoy in "Anna Karénina," takes to hard labor in the fields to save himself from pessimism. After a day with the mowers, he returns home, rejoicing in his discovery of the "labor cure," which henceforward is Tolstoy's panacea for all the ills that an idle aristocracy is heir to.

But, convinced that science had nothing to say to the question that disturbed him, and that man should not live for work alone, he now reverted to the simple faith that satisfies peasants and children, and determined to see how it had come to pass that Christianity, which means something plain and acceptable to them, had become, to him, obscure and repugnant. It is not necessary to review his examination of the Gospels; but the charge of inconsistency which Mr. Perris makes in this regard is unfounded. Tolstoyism may be said to be needless, or impracticable, or one-sided; but it cannot be said to be self-contradictory, though it is true that its author troubles himself little to expound it systematically. He knew that war, arbitrary punishment and every form of selfishness were sanctioned by the preachers of the creed in which he had been reared; yet good, ordinary people, ignoring difficulties and sophisticated reasonings, found in it a sufficient rule of conduct. He tried to do as they did. Miracles were a stumbling-block,—he set them aside. Whatever he found that appeared abstruse or ambiguous, or that favored what he believed to be wrong, was also set aside. There remained a number of plain precepts, supported by statements which he could interpret in a way to offer no difficulty. He had doubtless, before this, become acquainted with the doctrine of Lao-Tse,* probably in the course of his studies at Kazan, or when, later, he was attracted by Schopenhauer, and it is evident that he must have read the Sermon on the Mount in the light of that philosophy. When Christ speaks of the Father, Tolstoy is sure that he means the universal cause of being, the life of the world. When he promises immortality, it is in virtue of that life, no part of which can perish. But, this foundation secured, Tolstoy spends no time in speculation about it; but goes on to infer that our interest in the common life is everything, the individual life which is snuffed out at death, nothing. Why, then, injure ourselves in what is really vital for the sake of a narrow, temporal advantage? If it should appear that nature is indifferent to evil he would have us fall back on the moral authority of Christ and other great teachers. And thus he comes at once to the practical doctrine which he sums in the five commandments: to offend no one, to be

* He is now engaged in translating Lao-Tse's work, the "Tao Teh King," into Russian.

pure, to take no oath (because we are not masters of the future), not to resist evil, to make no distinction between our countrymen and foreigners. To these he was reminded by the peasant-preacher, Bondareff, to add the Old Testament command, to labor. The doctrine of non-resistance was the only thing that troubled him. But when he saw that inaction might be as effective as action, that a majority has only to refuse to serve and pay taxes, to bring organized force to the ground, his "conversion" was complete.

All this seems absurdly simple and "rough-and-ready" to Mr. Perris, as, no doubt, it does to many others. It is too like that searching of the Scriptures which results in the searcher finding whatever he most desires. But Tolstoy's personal disinterestedness is beyond question. And there is no inconsistency in admitting the principle of authority and yet rejecting the authority of the first comer—in Tolstoy's case, the Greek Church.

Such, broadly outlined, is the creed, to spread which Tolstoy has consecrated his best efforts. To one who knows him only through translations, the stories and plays written since his "conversion"—"Master and Man," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," the "Popular Tales," "Powers of Darkness"—seem vastly superior as works of art to the two chaotic volumes of "War and Peace," and even to the forceful but still confused and turbid "Anna Karénina." Readers of the original Russian are of the same opinion. There are no better models of narrative form than these tales; they are, as it were, cast at one jet, yet finished beyond the possibility of improvement. But the doctrine is so mingled with the story, forms so completely one body with it, that the reader who cannot accept Tolstoy's views feels uncomfortable, like a man who finds an unwelcome belief being driven in upon him, not by argument, but by the constant trend of events. But the majority do not scan such teaching very closely. Tolstoy does not in his later fiction develop his fundamental idea in such a way that it can be taken hold of and debated; but it governs the progress of the tale, and sinks into the reader's mind without his being fully aware. He finds himself saying: After all, the enterprise that snatches an advantage is only greediness; punishment makes bad worse; war is a crime; luxury a disease. Why should not everyone work for his living, be good to his neighbor, avoid disorder, refuse to pay others for doing what he would not do himself? Mr. Perris may be right in holding that there is a future for Tolstoyism in other countries, as well as in Russia. But those who believe that civilization takes form in the clashing of individual interests will be very shy of accepting Tolstoy's leadership. For, in his polemical writings, such as "My Religion" and "What is Art?" Tolstoy is explicit that our civilization brings the worst to the top. Our governing classes do no useful work. It is a mistake to suppose that they even direct such work; they cause commercial strife in their efforts to extend their dominion. They set an example of gross im-

purity. They impose oaths to enslave consciences. They resort to violence on the pretense of putting down wrong. They cultivate the sentiment of patriotism, as to which Tolstoy is of the same advice as Dr. Johnson. In short, it is they, chiefly, who break all of Tolstoy's five commandments, and cause others to infringe them.

Tolstoy's latest pronouncement "What is Art?" is not primarily a treatise on aesthetics. It is an effort to show that the flower of our civilization—which the more intellectual of the governing classes regard as its most essential product—is not worth to anyone what it costs.

When a doctrine has become popular, when it is received without question in the press and in the studios, one may be sure that whatever truth it once held has dropped out of it. There was reason in putting forward the claims of craftsmanship when subject was accounted all in all, and a sentimental botcher was treated as a worthy successor of the great artists of the past; but, now that everybody is clever and that few know what to do with their cleverness, the voice of the lay public may again be listened to.

To Count Tolstoy, as to Ruskin in his latter days, the cost of art and its value to the general public are of more importance than any question of technique. Theirs is the proper point of view of the outsider. To appreciate a work of art it is *not* necessary to know how its effect has been produced. One needs only consider the effect itself. It obviously requires greater powers to render adequately a great subject, so as to move the indifferent spectator, to start in him a new current of thought and feeling, than it does to deal successfully with a subject that calls only for mechanical skill and a very ordinary faculty of observation. The artist may, properly enough, regard as of equal value to him, as specimens of his trade, works most diverse in subject and in feeling but equally well executed; but it is absurd for the layman to pretend to take the same view. His judgment as to the artist's skill is worthless except when he compares works which aim to impress him with the same sentiment, and even then it may be incorrect; but it is proper for him to judge of the value of the sentiment itself, and of the impression which the artist makes upon him. The latter laughs at the self-styled connoisseur as at an amusing example of human vanity; but let a layman speak of the impression which a work of art has made upon him, its author will listen, pleased or otherwise, but certainly interested.

Tolstoy sets up, as judge in matters of art, his ideal, respectable and intelligent mujik, before whom he has already brought to trial the religions and the governments of the earth. But the mujik does not claim to be a connoisseur. His judgment is that he has no use for most of the art of to-day. "What!" he says, in effect, "support people in luxury and honor them as great men for juggling with a brush and some paint, or with words, or with musical

instruments? It is paying too much for one's whistle." There have been times when the artist expressed in fine and lasting form the highest sentiments which were common to him and his public. At the present day, he should speak for human brotherhood. But Tolstoy looks about him and can only reckon up a few among the most prominent artists living or recently deceased who in any way answer that requirement. There are or were Dickens and Dostoyevsky and Hugo among writers, and Millet and Jules Breton and Bastien Lepage among painters. The great majority appeal to the coarsest passions, or to the love of frivolous amusement, or to special shades of feeling, the product of highly artificial conditions. Of these last are the late Burne-Jones and the French Impressionists; Wagner and Liszt and Berlioz; most of the younger French poets of to-day, and Kipling in some of his short stories—those, we suppose, in which he expresses a rampant jingoism. These are to Tolstoy absolutely incomprehensible. He admits that they may not be so to others, that some may have the interest of an enigma, that others may soothe or stimulate the feelings of over-refined or exhausted people, that still others may be admired for their impudence and aggressiveness, as a costermonger admires his cur. But he points out that it is far easier to please a class, even an educated and satiated class, than to please all. Yet it is certain that our public art, at least, should please all who contribute to pay for it. Our younger writers and artists who are now being called upon to decorate our public buildings will do well if they carry out Tolstoy's idea of the destiny of art in our time, which is "to transmit from the realm of reason to the realm of feeling the truth that the happiness of men consists in their union." But to do this they will have not only to be, themselves, sure of its truth, but must display a knowledge of facts and of the resources of their several arts, and an imaginative ability which most of them are far from having shown, so far.

The translation of "What is Art?" except as to the poems cited by the author, is readable. If these poems were in the original what they are in the translation, they would deserve Tolstoy's severest condemnation, as do certain other works cited by him, such as those of M. Pierre Louys, base in matter and in form. The poems by M. Viel-Griffin and others are only difficult to one who is not familiar with views of art and life which the author assumes to be well known.

This volume includes, in their proper shape, the passages altered or omitted by the Russian censor, together with a preface by the author and an excellent portrait in colors.



Book Reviews

"William Morris: His Art, His Writings"

And his Public Life: A Record. By Aymer Vallance. The Macmillan Co.

THIS BULKY VOLUME is very largely made up of quotations, neatly tacked together so as to form a continuous narrative. Mr. Vallance seldom obtrudes his own opinions, and he tells us little about his personal acquaintance with Morris; but his work is valuable as giving a connected account of Morris's varied career, and as bringing together the most important criticisms on his art, his poetry, and his course as a socialist agitator.

Of all the numerous appreciations of Morris's poetry, the late Walter Pater's essay, quoted by Mr. Vallance on page 27 of his work, though one of the earliest, remains the best. Pater was the first to point out how Morris, abandoning the romantic movement, still in full swing in England, created the purely artistic, or so-called "æsthetic" school of poetry, of which he may, indeed, be said to be the only notable poet. The term "æsthetic," chosen by Pater, is, as regards Morris's work, unfortunate. It implies the taste to appreciate rather than the ability to create; but Morris has been, both in poetry and in art, a great producer, a skilled artificer. This is, in fact, his leading characteristic. The pleasure of making was the mainspring of all his activities. In his latter days, when invention had declined, and he was much taken up with the socialistic propaganda, it was still strong enough to keep him hard at work with pen and pencil. His pattern-designing—in which he is unquestionably preëminent over all contemporaries—displays his pleasure in the work of his hands quite as evidently as his early poetry shows the fertility of his imagination.

This delight in the exercise of faculties which he knew to be common (though not in the degree in which he possessed them) it was that led him into the socialistic camp. Let the workman have pleasure in his work, he will not look for luxuries outside of it. Under the old conditions of hand labor this was much more possible than at present. The workman is now in many cases only an adjunct to a machine; and in all cases the commercial, the mechanical ideal, of quick, cheap, uniform and thoughtless production, governs his efforts. Along with the faults which are usually found with our present economical and industrial system, Morris charged it with destroying the workman's pleasure in his work, and so debasing the character of the product. Under the old conditions, all work might be more or less artistic; under the rule of machinery and the commercial drummer, it is seldom that even the designer can feel himself an artist. Morris was rich, and he had a good share of business capacity. He was enabled to work as though he were living in the middle ages, and to find sale for his comparatively costly wares. But he knew how he would have suffered if it were not for his exceptional circumstances; he dreaded the possibility that he, too, might be brought under the wheels of "progress"; and, seeing no remedy, he became a revolutionist in the vague hope that, the present system brought to ruin, the world might return to something like the industrial conditions of mediæval times. In this he was mistaken. He

greatly underrated the strength and stability of the present system, and as greatly overrated the determination and the intelligence of the working classes. The Trafalgar Square fiasco in 1887, when a few policemen clubbed a mob of thousands into submission, and deprived Morris and his companions of the right of free speech, opened his eyes. After that he no longer looked forward to a workingmen's revolution, but he continued to speak and write against the conditions that make work a task, and send rich and poor alike to the same questionable amusements.

Mr. Vallance gives a great deal more space to Morris's art work and poetry than to his socialistic preachings; but by referring to them at the beginning and the end of his book, he seems to show a disposition to accord them a chief place in his estimate. It can hardly be doubted that they will have no effect except in promoting discontent. Morris's Utopia is as incapable of being realized as any other. His turn for action led him to join for a time in constitution making, marching, petitioning and newspaper work, and to the endeavor to set up shops of his own in which his ideas could be carried out. But in his public efforts he never regarded himself as a leader. He "suffered agonies of confusion of brain" in reading Marx's "Capital." He was "astounded" at the ease with which military discipline overcame mob enthusiasm. When he discovered that such men as Hyndman and Aveling were no more likely to be successful as popular leaders than himself, he withdrew. His business instincts soon told him that he would have no chance if he ran his shop on any such plan as would give his workmen any considerable share of freedom. His designs would sell, but not theirs. As a socialist he merely added to the radical program a fresh but unattainable ideal. Yet his socialism was the logical outcome of the same qualities that made him successful as an artist and a poet. He was, in the main, a delicate and cunning craftsman, and in all the lower arts (those for which, outside of poetry, he was specially gifted) he found craftsmanship being driven out of existence by machinery. Hence his revolt. He has greatly improved, though perhaps only temporarily, his countrymen's tastes; but he has made no impression on the forces which tend to the debasement of art and of life, and which seem to be preparing a new era of barbarism.

The volume is illustrated, mostly from Morris's designs, and we may point to the patterns for wall-paper, and for prints and textiles, and to the admirable ornamental borders and title-pages of his Kelmscott publications, as showing his supremacy in this walk of art. There are also a few designs by Burne-Jones, carried out by Morris's firm; and the frontispiece is an excellent likeness of the poet, from a photograph taken in 1887.

"Brunetiere's Essays in French Literature"

A Selection. Translated by D. N. Smith. With a Preface by the Author, Specially Written for the Authorized English Translation. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IF THERE IS one characteristic which above all distinguishes French literature from all other literatures, it is its eminent desire to please. The Germans apparently care little whether they please or not; the English are so markedly individualistic, like Carlyle or Emerson, that with them the working out of personality is the all-important matter; and whether this personality is agreeable or not is left to the individual admirers of strong styles, passionate Jeremy Taylors, imaginative Miltons or quaint Sir Thomas Brownes.

In France, the land of pleasantness, all this is essentially different. "Few Frenchmen," remarks our eminent critic, "have written for themselves, for themselves alone, to assume the position of opposition, as the philosophers say; but their ambition has been to please, in the noblest sense of the word, to contribute by their writing to the improvement or to the comfort of civil life, or to displease, when they have dared to do so, in a manner yet pleasant."

In France literature has been preëminently the mirror of society, and style has consequently been treated as a fine art, like painting or sculpture, and been made admirably subservient to the needs of the social organism. Ever since Pascal the language has been working its way through to perfect clearness, through successive filtrations of brains distinguished for their transparency. Descartes was the first intellectual filter through which clarified French thought percolated; then came that wondrous sieve of the Seventeenth Century which caught in its fine-woven net all the impurities of style and gradually eliminated them one by one—Pascal.

In the first of the seven essays—selected by himself—which form this volume, "The Essential Character of French Literature," M. Ferdinand Brunetière brings this out luminously, along with other things. While Spanish is a literature of chivalry, Italian of artistic achievement, English of individualism, French, so rich, so varied, so complex, so continuous in its unrolling of a thousand years, can hardly be defined by a phrase; but its *sociability*, its lucidity, its continual effort to communicate joy, is more than any other its *primum mobile*. Diversion rather than instruction, contrary to Bossuet's thought on the poets of Greece, has always been, says M. Brunetière, the aim and object of the French mind. For example, who but Pascal could have made a tedious and silly religious controversy delightful to all readers of the "Provinciales"? Or when did a funeral sermon become a work of art except from the lips of Bossuet? Who blackened human nature in such exquisite style as La Rochefoucauld? or whose gall is so mingled with honey as La Fontaine's? The style is certainly the man—in France; and the man is a Frenchman compounded of more subtle elements perhaps than any other man except an Athenian of the time of Pericles. *Proprie communia dicere* is a maxim excellently adapted to the French genius: to turn a commonplace elegantly, may well be its approximate translation.

French literature being thus a conspicuous outgrowth of the natural desire to be perfectly understood—which in itself is a capital pleasure,—how natural, how inevitable that women should have exercised preëminent influence in moulding, shaping, clarifying, beautifying it, with that penetrating instinct for the beautiful which all French women possess! The Hôtel de Rambouillet is second only to the Académie Française in its transforming power over the French language. How powerful has been the *salon* all through French literature, at least from the times of the poet-princes of the House of Valois. What would this literature have been without the much-ridiculed *précieuse*? "By imposing on the writer the qualities of order and clearness—qualities (says M. Brunetière) which they themselves do not always show in their writing, though they have a lively appreciation of their value—women assured the perfection of French prose and its universal domination."

The French woman has a wonderfully clear head; she is precision, orderliness, system personified; and this clearness, this precision per-

vades her life, from kitchen to *salon*, from culinary recipes to the rhapsodies of *Corinne* or the prose poems of George Sand. Elegance in precision, perfection in measure, and, in the very great writers, lucidity in depth, are the qualities contributed to their literature by French women, according to this distinguished critic.

By the most natural of transitions the next essay passes to Molière, the *connoisseur* of women, as one might speak of a delicate *connoisseur* of wines. To this omniscient eye all women's souls in the Seventeenth Century were open: the blue-stocking, the whimsical marquise, the aging prude, the fantastic widow, the *ingénue* of fifteen and the matron of fifty dabbling in philosophy. The secret of Molière's "philosophy" was simply that it was nature—men and women in their natural habiliments untricked out in the disguises of art. Montaigne and Rabelais both—passed masters in the science of human nature—had already announced "this ancient precept, very rawly and simply, that 'we cannot err in following Nature'"; and this cue Molière, dropping Italian punchinelloes, Spanish *matadores*, and Latin artificialities, followed through all that marvelous world of Tartufes, and Alcestes, and Scapins, and Harpagons, a tottering, quizzing, giggling, intriguing world, such as St. Simon, a little later, paints for us at the Versailles of his enlightened day. M. Brunetière strikingly analyzes this great brain in its early work as well as in the special burning "question of Tartufe," and finds that in writing "Tartufe" Molière attacked Jansenism and in Jansenism religion itself. This is a sorrowful conclusion which we would fain combat if we could: "it was not only false devotion, but also true, which Molière meant to attack; and it was for the gain of nature that he meant to destroy the religion of effort and moral constraint."

The deep immorality of "Tartufe" has never perhaps been brought out so clearly, making of Molière the "most illustrious representative of the libertines," "one of the most dangerous enemies of the Church," as Baillet called him; "and as we pass from Rabelais and Montaigne to him without a hitch, so we pass quite smoothly from him to Voltaire and Diderot." The family likeness is unmistakable.

In his plea for Rhetoric, which is the concluding essay of his very thoughtful volume, M. Brunetière has some strong words to say for the "virtuoso in words," the jeweller who gets his vowels and consonants in harmonious array. "The most beautiful voice in the world is little in itself if it cannot be used and controlled. Why should there not be also an art of speaking or writing?" Buffon, who rewrote his *Natural History* a fabulous number of times, and Goethe, who spent sixty years in polishing up his "Faust," would certainly answer *Amen* to this question. Even the matchlessly flowing "Provinciales" were rewritten seven or eight times. From Aristotle to Quintilian, from Quintilian to Fénelon and Whateley, rhetoric has always rightfully been considered "the body of rules and laws which govern the art of writing, considered in itself as inseparable from the art of thinking." M. Brunetière's excellent use of rhetoric constantly reminds us of Matthew Arnold's, though Arnold is his superior in the art of hammered iteration and reiteration, and in delicate and subtle shades of thought based upon a most admirable instinct for literary form, the very quality which women gave to the genius and mind of France. "What colors and lines are in the plastic arts, or sounds are in music, words are in a language, and, with stronger reason, the figures, the terms, the arrangement of the parts of the sentence."

No true artist in language will neglect those verbal harmonies which hum in the brain long after they are uttered and create the atmosphere for mental delight. We find their rude beginnings in Molière's *femme savante*, in the grammarians, in Vaugelas and Malherbe, in the exquisite felicities of La Bruyère, in the unrivalled prose of Voltaire; and how gloriously our English Bible and Book of Common Prayer illustrate every phase and figure of sacred rhetoric from which the soulful harmonies of generations breathe and flow!

The remaining chapters on Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, Classic and Romantic, and Impressionist Criticism are marked by the same clearness, simplicity and force as those from which we have quoted. "Voltaire and Rousseau were two 'puissant gods,' two shabby fellows. When I think of the one I always prefer the other." Their world-wide controversy was one of those quarrels of authors in which the elder Disraeli delighted, the red-hot sentimentalist and the icy cynic were to each other as ice and fire; and their respective peculiarities are thrown out in *haut-relief* in this discussion.

The old question of classicism and romanticism in France, which promises to be interminable, leads our author to some judicious pages and definitions which other critics would do well to weigh: "What constitutes a classic is the equilibrium in him of all the faculties which go to make the perfection of the work of art, a healthiness of mind, just as the healthiness of the body is the equilibrium of the forces which resist death. A classic is a classic because in his work all the faculties find their legitimate function—without imagination overstepping reason, without logic impeding the flight of imagination, without sentiment encroaching on the rights of good sense, without good sense chilling the warmth of sentiment, without the matter allowing itself to be despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form, and without the form ever usurping an interest which should belong only to the matter."

Between such a classic and a "romantic" there is all the difference between Jacob and Esau; any violation of this perfect equilibrium produces a "romantic" writer, who is always slightly psychologically humpbacked. M. Brunetière's discussion of this great question is a capital piece of criticism, and with it we leave a book abounding in original views, in charming presentations of new ideas, in deep but clear learning, and in courteous but vivacious treatment of the antagonist.

The translator has done his part agreeably.

"The Hundred, and Other Stories"

By Gertrude Hall. Harper & Bros.

WHEN MISS HALL published, a year or two since, her first volume of short stories, "Foam of the Sea," she laid herself open to two charges: first, that of being a genius; second, that of sentimentality. Her new volume, "The Hundred," goes far toward lightening both charges. In it she has abandoned the allegoric foam symbolism of her earlier work. She now deals with life. She lets life speak for itself. If there is still a strain of mysticism in the work, it only helps to make real life more real. It is the mysticism of life, not of a fanciful idealism. It is a mysticism, moreover, that helps to give individuality to all the work. Every story is unmistakably by the same hand.

Through all the stories runs the same philosophy of life. One must not expect happiness in this world, the writer seems to say; for Life means sadness, renunciation. Love means unhappiness. One must love, of course; it is one of the necessary accidents of life, but not a happy one. In "The Passing of Spring" love is a phase of youth; in "Paula in Italy," a phase of climate; and in "Chloë, Chloris and Cytherea," a phase of environment. Love is not king, in Miss Hall's world, but only a humble attendant, content to serve others, grateful for any crumbs that fall in his way. Yet he has, in some fashion, a dignity, all his own, which to Love, the god, is sometimes lacking. The transient boy-love revealed in "The Passing of Spring" is the same love that Goethe has ridiculed in "Wilhelm Meister," the same "calf-love" that flounders and gambols its way through all fiction, half-novitiate, half-clown. Under Miss Hall's ethereal touch, he takes on a new grace. He is no longer comic, though his behavior is full of the comical. But he himself is no more comical than the buds upon the hawthorn tree in spring, or the spears of calamus among the meadow grass. "Paula in Italy," in love with a man younger than herself, to whom she has never spoken, is the ordinary old maid. But the reader somehow forgets that the stock situation is comic. It seems only a little sad that a woman must be so lonely. The mystery of pain enwraps her, and the dignity of fate.

The comic and the grotesque underlie all of Miss Hall's work. But, true to real life, the comic is the pathetic. The humor and the pathos are both subordinate to something greater than either—to a sense of fate, of destiny—to a skepticism too deep for unbelief, a faith too loyal for a creed. The Greek drama strikes the same note. But in the Greek drama the characters are of noble birth. Only the artist of a later day could reveal the inevitable dignity and pathos of the commonplace. Miss Hall, one must believe, is peculiarly an artist of her own time, sensitive to its intellectual drift and responsive to its note of humorous sadness.

If one may make a distinction in realism, between the realism that illuminates and the realism that photographs, Miss Hall's stories must be placed under the head of illuminative realism. Photographic realism pictures what everyone sees in life. It portrays what is obvious to the whole world—the commonplace, or the pathetic, or the grotesque. The reader's delight lies in a recognition of the faithfulness of the portrayal—a sort of Eden Musée delight in the perfectness of the copy. Illuminative realism reveals what the world sees, plus a something seen only by the artist himself. He pictures life as it is. But it has become suddenly a new life. Light has fallen upon it, the light of an artist's soul. We love it because it is true to life, but still more because it reveals life. So long as Miss Hall turned this illuminative light upon the fancies of her own brain, she was only a dreamer. Now that she has let it shine upon life, we see that she is an artist. Whether she may become a great artist, one waits to see. A volume of short stories, with illuminated spots of light shining here and there—two volumes—even three—will not, it is to be feared, suffice to rank her as a great artist. Something more sustained—it is a good word, in spite of Poe's anathema—is demanded. The glance that illuminates must fall, not on some tiny spot of life, but on all life, with the struggle and the interplay; not on some one soul, groping blindly with fate, but upon "Les Misérables," and upon the great City.

"The Art of War"

A History. By Charles Oman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ONE WOULD hardly seek martial inspiration in the classic shades of a great English university, or look to a college don for lessons in the military art; and yet Mr. Charles Oman, a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has given us a work that every student of the art of war will be glad to add to his library. His undertaking is an ambitious one, aiming, as does the series of which the present volume is but a part, to give a general outline of the history of the art of war from Greek and Roman times down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The present volume covers the period between the downfall of the Roman Empire and the fourteenth century.

There is no pretence of giving the complete military annals of the civilized world; but simply of indicating the tactics, strategy, and military organization of the period dealt with, and illustrating each by accounts, in detail, of typical campaigns and battles.

Siegecraft, fortification, the arms and armor peculiar to each age, are treated of, in due order, in a concise and lucid style. The passing of the Roman Legion, so thoroughly identified with the splendor of Rome's military glory, the giving way of the sword and the pilum to the lance and the bow, and the change of arms slowly but surely leading to a change of tactics, are clearly brought out, and in a manner interesting to the military student and highly instructive to the non-professional reader.

During the early middle ages we read of the coming of the Vikings; and, anon, of Alfred the Great, who with varying fortunes turned back the Danes. In 896 the Viking fleet ascended the river Lea, the very name suggesting Father Prout and those sweet "Bells of Shandon." Alfred at once caused to be erected two burghs, or strongholds, one on each bank, connecting them so that the Danes were sealed up in the river—or, as we would now express it, "corked up." Being unable to return to the Thames, they abandoned their fleet, leaving the Londoners to bring the ships in triumph to the city. (p. 112.) "Far better than any mere fortifications," continues the author, "was the third great plan which Alfred adopted for bringing his Danish wars to a successful conclusion. He began to build a strong fleet, able to contend at sea with the Vikings. This was the first step taken by England to win the Sovereignty of the Seas. It was due to the absence of this "strong fleet" from its post of duty, that later on Duke William of Normandy was enabled to land his army at Pevensey, Sept. 28, 1066, and defeat Harold at the battle of Hastings.

Duke William and his army came on shore, the author relates, "unhindered by the English fleet which, after long waiting, had finally been driven from the Channel by want of provisions, and had sailed back to London three weeks before." (p. 149.) This was a fatal mistake; but it served as a lesson the English have never forgotten. The liberties of the English people, the safety of the realm, nay, the very feeding of the population of the British Isles, necessarily dependent upon the unrestricted importation of foreign breadstuffs, is ensured solely by the maintenance of the English Channel fleet.

It does not seem to us that the author has emphasized sufficiently the fact that it was the absence of Harold's fleet that made the Norman Conquest possible. He simply cites the battle of Hastings "as the last great example of the endeavor to use the old in-

fantry tactics of the Teutonic races against the now fully developed cavalry of feudalism." (p. 149.)

The Norman cavalry played an important part, indeed, at Hastings. Victory was doubtful when "the horsemen rode up the slope already strewn with corpses and dashed into the fight. Foremost among them was Taillefer the Minstrel, who galloped forward cheering his comrades. He burst through the breastworks into the English line, where he was slain. Behind him came the whole Norman Knighthood chanting their battle song."

It was of Taillefer that thus sang Robert Wace, in his old Norman French:—

"Taillefer, qui moult bien chantoit
Sur un cheval, qui têt alloit
Durant ceux allant chantant
D'Oliver et de Roland,
De Karlemagne et des vassals
Qui moururent à Ronçesvalles."

The course of the work takes in the gradual development of armor, the introduction of projectiles—as in the long-bow,—the ascendancy of the bow over the pike, and the gradual disappearance of cavalry acting as such. The battle of Crecy was a revelation to the western world. "The English had won," says the author, "by their splendid archery and the steadiness of their dismounted men-at-arms." (p. 614.) But the real secret of the English success was that King Edward III had known how to combine the two forms of military efficiency. Space forbids the extracts we should like to make from this very entertaining work. All we can do now is to recommend the book to those interested in the accounts of battles, sieges and warlike operations of the middle ages told in a scholarly manner by one who has thoroughly mastered the subject.

"Regina ; or, The Sins of the Fathers "

By Hermann Sudermann. Transl. by Beatrice Marshall. John Lane.

THE strongest voice in German fiction to-day is that of Hermann Sudermann. He has hewn for himself within a few years a name on the tablet of his nation's literature that will endure. "Regina" is one of his best works. It leaves a sense of power that is not easily shaken off. The monotonous, flat eastern Prussia where he was born has from the first been his favorite theme. Life is sad there, because Nature is grudging and hard, and its conditions are backward, far behind the spirit of this century. Feudalism still holds sway there, with its inevitable accompaniment of abject servitude and brutal arrogance. Yet the soul of man may grow to the fullness of its beauty even there, and noblest womanhood may flower under the chilling blast of misery. Not without reason has the translator chosen the name of Sudermann's heroine for the title of her translation, which is admirably done; and the sub-title she has added tells the story of the whole book. "The Cat's Bridge" is the author's less significant name for his work.

History records many instances of the return of good for evil by the serfs to their cruel masters. It holds many a page of devotion, self-denial and self-sacrifice in return for oppression and outrage: the feudal days of Europe brought out these noblest traits in a class that had been degraded to the level of the beast of burden, and the misfortunes of the South in our own Civil War caused many an aure-

ole to shine around a devoted dusky head. An inquiry into the causes of this seemingly paradoxical sentiment would lead us far afield. It seems to have been instinctive, rather than the fruit of Christian teaching, a triumph of the noblest part of man, irrespective of race and creed. Whatever its cause and origin, the feeling has existed, and still exists; and nowhere do we remember having seen a more touching, powerful and impressive presentment of it than in Sudermann's "Regina." He does not explain it, he has no solution to offer; he only paints it as it may show itself in its noblest, most perfect form, and makes us realize the beauty of a woman's soul.

His technique is worthy of his subject, for Sudermann is not only a man of intuition and searching sympathy: he is a great artist as well. From first page to last he progresses, without an uncertain note, a moment's wavering. As his hero's eyes are opened to the beauty of the soul of the downtrodden, proscribed woman beside him, so are the reader's, who becomes one with this man, never being in advance of him through the author's clumsy self-betrayal, nor lagging behind him through faulty workmanship. This is the reason why the closing scene is so impressive, why we shall long remember the burial of the poor serf whose life was made glorious by loving service: the author has led us gradually to see with the hero's eyes. We are he, as he stands by the side of her lonely grave, and covers with earth the happiness that was sent to him, and which he did not see; we feel in our own hearts the passionate regret that abode with him till death. It is difficult to judge this novel from the strictly technical standpoint: our sympathies are too deeply enlisted. Yet we cannot fail to perceive the master-hand that is leading us, by the very lightness of its touch. Background, minor surroundings, secondary characters, all the accessories of this east Prussian tale militate strongly against illusion. They are harsh, unpleasant, contemptible. Yet they are kept in their true relation to the main theme, and help to emphasize the true story—the inner life which all of us lead.

Nothing of Sudermann's that has been translated thus far represents him so well, so truly as does "Regina." It shows him in the early maturity of his power, in the promise of what the fullness of his years may bring. He has found a talented translator—one who has understood his slightest shade of meaning and mood. We congratulate her upon her work, which we heartily commend to all who care for a tale that involves more than the mere unravelling of a plot.

Du Maurier's "Legend of Camelot," etc.

Harper & Bros.

IF THE LATE George Du Maurier has left many more pictures and verses as good as those in "A Legend of Camelot," it is to be hoped that their publication will not be long delayed, for a joke loses its freshness with the passing of the fashion that has provoked it. The pre-Raphaelite Arthurian strain with which the volume opens, and the delightful travesties of Rossetti's illustrations to Tennyson that accompany it, are among Du Maurier's best hits at the æsthetes. The combination of the romantic lords and the long-haired lady with the realistic crossing-sweepers in the first of these pictures and the perspective of pepper-box turrets and winding river and canal boats and the kingly fisherman in the second, are quite in Rossetti's vein. The

founder of pre-Raphaelitism himself, posing as a burgher of Camelot, laughs at the woe-begone maiden and her burden in the latter. In the verses, the British lords talk French, and the heroine expresses a thoroughly modern English yearning

"To do and suffer ere I die,
I care not what, I know not why."

Several of the other poems in the volume are as good, in other ways, as "The Legend of Camelot." Mr. Lear never wrote anything better than some of Du Maurier's "Vers Nonsensiques," this for example:—

"À Cologne est un maître d'hôtel
Hors du centre du ventre duquel
Se projette une sorte
De tiroir qui supporte
La moutarde, et le poivre, et le sel."

And the pictures are even funnier than the verses. De Musset's Andalusian keeps an inn, in one of these; Laure and Isidore read,

"Break, break, break
On thy cold, grey stones, O Sea!"

in French in another. And the poet, crowned with laurel, and cigarette in hand, drops into English in the last stanza:—

"I am gai. I am poet. I dwell
Rupert Street, at the Fifth, I am svell.
And I sing tralala,
And I love my mamma,
And, the English, I speaks him qvite vell."

Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Le Gallienne are parodied in other poems, and the volume winds up with a long prose tale of modern art and fashion, "The Rise and Fall of the Jack Spratts."

A New Dictionary of the Bible

Edited by James Hastings, M. A., D.D. Vol. I. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE liberality of the views put forward in the new "Dictionary of the Bible" makes it a notable publication in its kind. Most of the writers proceed on the assumption of an "evolutional" or selective inspiration; that is, they believe that the religious and moral truths contained in the Bible were gradually evolved, by a process of selection from lower forms of religion. Prof. Alexander Stewart in the article on the word "Bible," which may be considered as giving the general scheme of the work, takes perhaps the most conservative view as to the rights of modern criticism and the deductions to be drawn from the results of scientific research. But he accepts Wellhausen's verdict that "the Law is the product and not the antecedent of the prophetic activity," and it follows that the narratives in which the legislation is embedded must have originated in the same order. "But to accept law and narrative as emerging in the portions and order supposed, is to revolutionize the whole conception previously entertained of Israel's history, and of its literary development." Elsewhere he distinctly marks as "exaggerated" the theory of inspiration authorized by the *Formula Consensus* of 1675, according to which the Bible was "the sole tribunal in matters of faith and life, all-sufficient, self-explanatory, and an efficient means of grace." Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse, writing on "Cosmogony," is explicit as to the marked resemblance of ancient Hebrew and Babylonian ideas and as to the persistence of Semitic myths in Hebrew literature. But

if Hebrew and Babylonian cosmology are, in a sense, at one, so are not the former and science. "Much as we value the remarkable harmonies that nevertheless exist between Science and Scripture," he says, "there is clear proof that biblical apologetic is proceeding on false lines when it seeks to constrain the biblical narrative into harmony with the results of modern science." Prof. Stewart would not condemn unreservedly either those who "carry inspiration to the extreme of literalism," or those who "deny it in any sense in which it is not applicable to poetry and other forms of art." It seems to be his own belief, however, that the Bible is truly inspired; but that "the determination of its nature, degrees and limits must be the result of a deduction from all the available facts"—which ought to be broad enough to suit everybody.

Among the longest and the most important articles in the first volume are those on "Assyria" and "Babylonia" by Prof. Hommel and "Egypt" by W. E. Crum, which include references to all but the very latest discoveries; "Accad, Accadians," by Prof. Ira M. Price, arguing against the generally accepted theory of a Turanian origin of the early Chaldeans; "Alphabet," by Isaac Taylor; "Apocrypha," by F. C. Porter; "Astronomy and Astrology," by T. S. Pinches; "Baptism," by A. Plummer; "Conscience," by T. B. Kilpatrick; "Cosmogony," by Owen C. Whitehouse; "David," by H. A. White, and "Demon," "Ecclesiastes," "Eschatology," "Essenes," "Ethics," "Exodus," "Faith," "Fall" and "Feasts and Fasts."

"Essays on the Civil War"

And Reconstruction. By W. A. Dunning, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co.

THIRTY YEARS of perspective enable the historian to put many things in their right places and avoid the distortions of over-estimate or unhealthy prejudice, especially in cases where he is likely to be swayed to and fro by his personal feeling. The mists of the great Civil War are now passing away and the important political questions involved in it emerge with more distinctness. Secession, slavery, "reconstruction," which filled the horizon from '61 to '77, showed sixteen years of marvellous change and growth, filled with novelties of law and administration unknown to the ancient régime. A war of tongues, begun on the outskirts of Nullification, ended in a fierce struggle of armies and cannon in the heart of the land on bloody battlefields. Consequences which no one foresaw grew slowly and inevitably out of the absurd indiscretion of one poor little State, which attempted to defy the Federal armies and set up its own independent flag over the State House of South Carolina. Perhaps this very attempt was part of a providential scheme to test the strength of a Union composed of so many composite elements; and the red baptism of blood was necessary to show it.

In his able but unimpassioned essays, Dr. Dunning takes up many of these questions and examines them critically in the cool light of history. Of the seven papers constituting the book five deal directly with various phases of the Civil War and Reconstruction. The constitutional and political history of these two periods is not as familiar to the general reader as the military history; for this reason one is thankful to so clear and full a head as Dr. Dunning's for sifting out many unclear things, disentangling many snarls, and calmly and dispassionately putting before us such perturbing themes as "The Impeachment and Trial of President Johnson" and "The

Process of Reconstruction." "As a mere matter of partisan politics, it is now generally conceded" (he remarks) "that the impeachment was a mistake. In the view of constitutional history, the impeachment must be considered as marking the utmost limit of the sharp reaction which followed the sudden and enormous concentration of power in the executive department during the stress of arms. Since 1868 the progress toward the normal equilibrium of forces has been constant The single vote by which Andrew Johnson escaped conviction marks the narrow margin by which the Presidential element in our system escaped destruction. It is highly improbable that circumstances so favorable to the removal of a President on political grounds will again arise. For better or for worse, the coordinate position of the executive has become a permanent feature of the constitution." (p. 302).

The institution of negro suffrage, by embittering all the best elements in the South against the Washington government, impeded the progress of true "reconstruction," and prevented speedy social readjustment in that region. On the whole the author thinks military government in the seceded states was righteously and intelligently administered.

The paper entitled "The Constitution of the United States in Reconstruction" reviews instructively the curious question whether a state can perish—whether the seceding states were "states" at all, or only rebellious mobs. "The doctrine of state sovereignty perished in the destruction of the Confederate armies." "The Constitution of the United States in Civil War" is another perspicuous paper which discusses pertinently and plainly the respective delimitations of state and national sovereignty as developed in the great controversy. "Are the States equal under the Constitution?" brings out many singular inequalities existing in the various state constitutions, such as suffrage limitations for some, anti-polygamy for another, public lands variously disposed of for others, religious tolerance specifically named, and the like. Many states have birthmarks separating them from their sisters. The history of many states can be traced by these birthmarks, which sometimes actually date their entrance into the Union. Ohio and Louisiana (1802 and 1812) are thus plainly marked; and so there are peculiarities connected with the admission of Maine and Mississippi, of Arkansas and Iowa, of Nevada and Nebraska, of Utah and Texas. Some were conditioned, others not. Much interesting history connected with statehood thus individualizes our states and lifts them above the charge of monotony, by calling attention to remarkable events in their development.

Dr. Dunning brings out these and other facts of constitutional history with marked lucidity and produces a book which the thoughtful will enjoy.

"Journalism for Women"

By E. A. Bennett. John Lane.

POSSIBLY there may be need among women journalists in England for the somewhat vapid and obvious advice offered in this little book by E. A. Bennett, but over here the most humble and hesitant "journalistic aspirant" (to use one of the book's choicest phrases) knows better. It is no longer considered necessary—in America—to warn would-be women journalists against "stitching the sheets of a MS. all the way down the left side of the paper," or the fatuity of

ong personal letters to unknown editors; and, above all, against the expectation of drawing-room behavior on the part of newspaper men, in business hours.

Conceding, however, the need of such instruction in the United Kingdom, it is clearly to be seen that this little book must fulfill such a purpose, to its last chink and crevice. Its pages are evenly divided between advice and accusation of a kind that leaves little exercise for that active imagination to which the author refers a large share of journalistic success. The advice is of the specific kind just quoted, and the accusations are so constructed as to bring to mind the French woman's reflections upon the qualities of her rival: "She has but one fault,—she is insufferable."

The unhappy British woman journalist has but three faults: she is unreliable, she exhibits no attention to accuracy of detail, she lacks restraint. For these trifling deviations from the paths of journalistic propriety, she is, however, not altogether to blame, since "the influences of domesticity are too strong to be lightly thrown off," and quite unfit her for the "awful precision of a city office." Admitting the sadness of this fact, it seems still not inappropriate to inquire as to the influence of a book in the matter of restraint, in which is to be found the following advice as to the evolution of "copy":—

"You must cultivate an attitude of mind which is constantly asking the question, 'Is there copy here?' I will illustrate what I mean. You get up in the morning.—'Queer ways of sleeping.' For *Tit Bits* and its class. Material at the British Museum. 'My alarm.' Humorous. 'How to economize space in a small bedroom.' For a women's paper. 'Where some Queens sleep.' About the sleeping apartments of sovereigns. Ample material in biographies and periodical literature. 'Does a woman require more sleep than a man?' For the silly season. 'Is breakfast in bed enjoyable?' Ditto.

You walk down stairs.—'Some famous staircases.' 'Stair-climbing as a form of indoor exercise.' 'How to decorate a staircase inexpensively.'

You sit down to breakfast.—'Our newsboy.' Humorous. 'Papa at breakfast.' Ditto. 'The proper way of making coffee.' (There is always a market for this kind of thing.) 'How a cup and a saucer are made.' 'Should the English breakfast be abolished?'

And so on throughout the day."

Considered as a guide book to the endowment and equipment of the British woman-journalist, and as a bubbling spring of delicious and unconscious humor, the price of this book is above rubies.

The New Edition of Nietzsche

Vol. X of the Works of Friedrich Nietzsche, Edited by Alexander Tille. A Genealogy of Morals, trans. by William A. Housemann. Poems, trans. by John Gray. The Macmillan Co.

SOMEWHERE in the process of the evolution of the human race, men chose to act according to the more remote or the weaker motive. At that point morality began. At all events, the principle was recognized and recognized universally as the motive of action. So remote was the period of this choice that no sort of history preserves the record of it. If we accept Prof. Weismann's theory of evolution, it existed, germinally at least, from the beginning. Religion, which anthropology demonstrates to be innate, must have added its sanction to the choice with the beginning of consciousness. Christianity defined the moral quality of human actions, pointed out their seat in the soul, and strengthened the sanctions.

Now Nietzsche has constructed a theory in opposition to this scientific and historical fact. His contention in this volume on the "Genealogy of Morals" is that the Christian ethics were born in servitude. He contrasts the two opposing ideals which to-day divide the sovereignty of human conduct. The one honors bravery and the like, which, says Nietzsche, comes from the Germano-aristocratic class of society; and the other, charity, sympathy, patience and their congeners, which he calls the ethics of the servile classes. He forgets that, however decided the discrepancy between the two ideals of conduct, nevertheless the highest point of his so-called aristocratic ethics is expressed in the maxim *noblesse oblige*, which in its way is as much self-vanquishment as patience and humility in what he supposes to be the servile ideal. In point of fact, his arguments from the historical and etymological sides are weak. His philosophy of egotism demanded just the establishment of the points which in this volume he has essayed to settle. In the attempt to so establish them he has signally failed, and in this failure the fantastic system that he was erecting tumbles into ruins. What Nietzsche does succeed in demonstrating is that there exist in modern society two ethical codes which are not wholly in harmony. Selfishness is always struggling with unselfishness. Were not this struggle continual, neither the one nor the other could be truly said to exist. Our readers will remember the quaintly cynical essay in Mr. Mallock's "New Republic," where there is a pretence of showing how necessary is Christianity to our enjoyment of vice. Swinburne also has touched upon the same question. Other moralists have made it clear that spiritual progress results not from the extinction of evil, but from the victory over it while it continues in force. It would seem from this that Nietzsche approached his task without a careful examination of the data of psychology. For psychology, as well as anthropology and history, is entirely against his theory. Of his poems as poetry there is not much to be said except that they are not decidedly poetical—not so poetical, indeed, as some of the more impassioned passages in his prose essays. The verses elude citation, and may as well be left in peace. Some of the epigrams are unnecessarily wicked. Perhaps Nietzsche was never much in earnest about his philosophy, which exemplifies individualism gone to seed, and in this way has its use as an example, and will help the world to understand and appreciate social philosophy based upon collectivism.

As for the style of the writer—admirably reproduced by these translators—it is too much in the form of the dithyrambs of a newspaper reporter, to call for studied attention. It may be added in this connection that Nietzsche may outrage you with his blasphemy, his brutality, his chaotic curses, but he never bores you with dull homilies. He is always the reporter, and one involuntarily turns to the head of the chapter for lurid headlines,

"The Terror"

A Romance of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras, by Catharine A. Janvier. D. Appleton & Co.

IN RICHNESS of color, swiftness of action, and variegation of background, this second novel of the Provençal author is worthy of its predecessor. The scene shifts from Paris and its rivers of blood, its human hyenas and rioting murderers, to Provence, where, too, the

tyranny of the people had replaced the tyranny of the nobility. M. Gras still writes from the standpoint of the people—of the true republicans who avenged many ages of oppression and outrage; but beside his valiant fighters for freedom and the right he shows us again the scum that floated to the top and rioted there intent on plunder, and undeterred by the necessity of murder, if thereby obstacles could be removed from its path. He shows us the Terror as it appeared to those who were in the midst of it, not to those who planned above it and directed it, so far as authority remained in their hands. For the mass of the people it was a nightmare or an insane fury, senseless, aimless, appalling or inciting to new atrocities, and this impression is brought home to the reader with rare force.

This setting of wolfish cruelty and murderous lust brings out the more strongly the naïve, kindly characteristics of the people of the Midi, and gives a peculiar charm to the record of this little band of plain people—true patriots and loving women—joined together to save the young Comtessine Adeline from the clutches of La Jacarasse and her ally, the drunken, stupid, ferocious Surto. The clashing of the interests of these two criminals with those of a third, Calisto, is exploited with excellent results, since it brings about the frustration of their plans and their own undoing. The state of affairs in France is clearly depicted by the author, not only in the body and texture of the book, but in episodes by the way that easily fit into the framework of the story and strengthen it. Among them is the account of the fierce vengeance of the peasants of a village near Villefranche upon their feudal masters.

Mrs. Janvier's translation is excellent: it bears no trace of being a translation at all, yet reflects the southern *verve* of the author with admirable felicity. We regret, however, her persistent use of the words "slut" and "drab," not to speak of "booze." Fidelity to your author is an excellent thing, but it may be carried too far; allowances should always be made.

"Tales of the Home Folks"

In Peace and War. By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CHARMING PRINT of this pleasant volume admits one easily into the enchanted domain,—inexhaustible as Grimm's Fairyland,—of Southern ante-bellum belles and beaux when the old plantation life was in its sunny vigor and foxes and 'possums ran riot through the Georgian's dreams. Gone is that old life now, though not without learning many a humorous or tender reminiscence to cast back a moonlight sentiment over the memory of the pensive Southerner; until along comes an artist like Mr. Harris, and lo! all the older pomp and glory start up again, and the bugle-echoes of the lost fairyland are alive in the imagination once more. The instinct of resurrection is strong in the race: in "Tales of the Home Folks" it is very vital: the racy blood-current of those devious times flows powerfully through them and brings to life queer Christmas scenes in Putnam County (Georgia's Attica), stories of "The Colonels Nigger Dog," the comedy of war and reconstruction, and charming skits about Georgia babes. The homely texture of Mr. Harris's style is undisturbed in these narratives by any glistening threads of elegance or attempted art: their very artlessness indeed is one of their excellences. Comical situations unfailingly catch his surveying eye, whether he is recounting the antics of the three wonderful dogs Whalebone, Music and Rowan, prime factors in bringing about a certain equally wonderful wedding, or whether he is repeating the marital felicities of the Georgia colonel married to a Northern wife. Not so deeply pathetic and original as Mrs. Stuart in his treatment of negro character and life, Mr. Harris is unattainable in his grasp of

dialect and folk-lore, and the fantastic, imaginative facets of the negro nature, that odd compound of commonsense and superstition, sentiment and mirth. "The Colonel's Nigger Dog," trained to look for runaways, is a deep glimpse into this primitive nature, full of contradictions and inconsistencies as a poppy is of seeds, each seed ready to sprout into some new flaunting originality. "The Old Moreland Place" is another stage for a small drama in which Uncle Remus figures as master of ceremonies in a steamboat burning and a miraculous rescue, all done in queersome vowels and consonants. Mr. Harris is less successful in his Creole story, "The Belle of St. Valérien"; the shoemaker here has abandoned the proverbial last so skilfully wrought into wondrous *sabots* by Cable and Grace King. Can a Georgia melon grow on the Bay of Fundy?

The dozen tales in this collection are a dozen pictures of central Georgia where, in the spacious verandahs and red river-bottom, still thrives a life vivid in pulse and temper, undisturbed in custom for generations past and abundant in incidents of which Mr. Harris is the genial historiographer.

"Her Ladyship's Elephant"

By David Dwight Wells. Henry Holt & Co.

HERE IS A BIT of most excellent fooling, to criticize which would be to break a June-bug on a wheel. Its plot is a sort of chiasmus—a criss-cross derangement of honeymoons, whereby, Bradshaw being the *deus ex machina*, an American consul just wedded to an English bride is substituted for a young English aristocrat who has married an American girl of the Chicago variety as the English author imagines her. By means of a not too violent supposition the bridal parties exchange partners for a day or two, and hunt one another in couples in rural England.

The Elephant is a bit of rococo literary adornment certified as a reality in the preface. Shipped to the consul in pledge to secure a debt, he is swept into the wake of the two wedding-parties, and becomes the buffoon of the show. He is deprived of his natural guide, the Indian mahout, and, by a whim of the consul, presented to a stately English lady, a Person of Rank. His unconventional freedom in sitting-on, rather than at, her Ladyship's breakfast-table is an amusing episode in the chain of absurdities Mr. Wells has strung together.

There is always cause for complaint when an author creates a good situation, and then allows it to remain behind the scenes—like the death in a Greek tragedy. In "Her Ladyship's Elephant," the reader is defrauded of the interview between "Aunt Eliza," the self-willed and practical Chicago guardian of the American bride, and "Lady Melton," aunt of the English husband. The report of their conversation is given by Aunt Eliza in the final scene, but that is a poor substitute for the actual combat between the aggressive American and the conservative English-woman. We should have liked to see their tricks of fence. It was an excellent opportunity—as the author must have seen,—and it was probably relinquished with reluctance through fear of the Elephant on his hands.

"Catawampus," "real mad" and "sprint," seem hardly suitable to the mouth of a young American woman, when the author defines her as "a mixture of Parisian daintiness and coquetry, nicely tempered by Anglo-Saxon breeding and common sense." Mr. Wells's Americans are not so greatly caricatured as usual, however, excepting in the minor personages of his brisk little farce.

It is a necessity of the commingled lines of his plot that the author should drop one thread of the action to pick up another, but though the final "round-up" is what an Englishman might call a bit sudden, the narrative pleasantly piques curiosity, sustains interest, and rewards the little hour its reading acceptably occupies.

It is an overgrown short story, weighted by a not unwelcome Elephant clown.

"Martin Luther, the Hero of the Reformation"

By Henry Eyster Jacobs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It may be questioned whether any other people than the German has produced so distinctly national a hero as Luther. The passing centuries do but make this clearer. The tireless champion of individual freedom, the student, the home-maker, the love of music and song, rich in creative energy, touching life at all points and sensitive to all physical and spiritual influences, Luther is the most perfect type of the German character. Yet it is not in this light, especially, that Prof. Jacobs presents the great student, inquirer and theologian, but as the hero of the Reformation. On the side of the author's own acquisition of learning and insight into Luther's character as a moulder of a nation's religion and restorer of ancient primitive Christian doctrine, we could not imagine a better selection in America, at least, of a biographer of the Reformer.

Those who have read Dr. Jacobs's masterpiece, "The Lutheran Movement in England, During the Reign of Henry VIII and Edward VI, and its Literary Monuments," know his thorough acquaintance with the historical and theological literature of the sixteenth century. They will not be surprised to find that his chief difficulty has been to select and condense the abundant material. The collection of data was made before he began. He groups his chapters under the three heads of "The Monk," "The Protestant" and "The Reformer;" very properly devoting more than half his space and strength to the man who destroyed not, except to rebuild. Minute and painstaking accuracy marks this narrative, and in none other is "the restorer of paths to dwell in" so clearly outlined. The name "Protestant" is not much in use now, nor need it be except as a sword of defense in sheath, but not suffered to rust. The banner bearing this name is given to the camphor, but not to the moths. Martin Luther was one of those men needed in every age to remove the whitewash smeared by ignorance and lack of appreciation over ancient art, to pumice off the monkish script from the ancient scripture parchments and let the old truth speak again. Such triumphs can be wrought only through herculean toil coupled with dauntless courage.

As the first of a series, this volume has set a high mark for those coming after. Yet in literary charm and readability, Dr. Jacobs' successors may, nay ought, to excel this initial work. As usual with volumes in the Putnam's historical libraries, this one is richly equipped with contemporaneous prints, portraits, documentary illustrations, map, index, and other aids for student and general reader.

"Liddy Marget"

By L. B. Walford. Longmans, Green & Co.

MRS. WALFORD is an indefatigable novel-writer: the number of her stories grows with each new year, and it may be said of their quality that it is always on a certain very satisfactory level, and that occasionally she produces an achievement that rises far beyond her average and is worthy of special attention. The present story touches the high-water mark of her talent. It is a trifle, daintily done—a tale without *lours de force* in the construction of plot, or the interaction of characters—just simply a plain tale of an old woman who was young at eighty, and lovable enough to hold a lasting place in the affections of those who read her history, if not in the annals of literature. There is little that can be said about this story; it must be read, for its charm cannot be reflected in a review, its delicate atmosphere cannot be reproduced. An attempt at analysis would have an effect as of plucking the petals of a rose to demonstrate its beauty. Therefore we wish to advise our readers to give an hour to this delightful trifle; and when they have done so they will agree with us, and, we hope, be duly grateful—to Mrs. Walford for creating Lady Marget, and to us for introducing them to her.



Little, Brown & Co.

AS A RULE we announce fall lists of publications alphabetically according to the publishers' names, but this decorative head-piece by Mr. Will Bradley, which is reproduced from the catalogue of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., is so pretty that we cannot resist the temptation to lead off with it. In fact, the whole catalogue is as attractive an example of Mr. Bradley's work as we have seen. It is headed by a new volume by Sienkiewicz—"Sielanka, a Forest Picture," a collection of short stories not before published in the uniform library edition of his works. "Exotics and Retrospectives," by Lafcadio Hearn, consists of papers not hitherto published. In the "Memoirs of Alphonse Daudet," by his son Leon and his brother Ernest, the latter will give recollections of their childhood and youth. The work is translated by Mr. Charles de Kay. A new portrait will accompany it. Although Mr. W. L. Alden calls Jane Austen's novels unreadable, this firm has the temerity to announce a new edition of them, with frontispieces by Edmund H. Garrett. A volume by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, called "Creation Myths of Primitive America, in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind," contains twenty myths taken down by him from Indians who knew no religion nor language save their own. A new edition of Walton's "Angler" with James Russell Lowell's introduction, and a uniform edition of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's Works, will also be brought out by this house.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle," by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott; "Salmon P. Chase," by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart; "Charles Sumner," by Moorfield Storey; "Thaddeus Stevens," by Samuel W. McCall; and "Charles Francis Adams," by Charles Francis Adams; a new edition of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," with a biographical sketch by Sylvester Baxter; an illustrated edition of Mr. Fiske's "Beginnings of New England"; "James Russell Lowell and His friends"—Dr. Edward Everett Hale's *Outlook* papers, in which the early biographical features are blended with recollections of Boston, Cambridge and Harvard College; "Reminiscences," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in which, besides anecdotes and allusions concerning her illustrious contemporaries, the facts and memories of her life which have left the deepest impression on her mind, her views of literature and life, her aspirations for womankind and for the race, will all be chronicled; also, a volume of "Poems, Old and New," selected by Mrs. Howe from her volumes of poems already published; "A Sculptor's Adventures in the Sunset Land," by Edward Kemeys; "The Battle of the Strong," by Gilbert Parker; and "Social Ideals in English Letters," from "Piers Plowman" to Wm. Morris, Vida D. Scudder.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Forest of Arden," by Hamilton W. Mabie, while forming a part of Mr. Mabie's "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," is really an independent book. One of its attractions will be the illustrations and decorations by Will H. Low, who himself lives in a sort of Forest of Arden, only a few miles from New York; "American Bookmen," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, illustrated with nearly 100 portraits, facsimiles, etc.; "Trimalchio's Dinner," translated from the Latin of Petronius, with introduction and bibliographical appendix, by Prof. Harry Peck; "Modern French Fiction," by Prof. Benjamin W. Wells of Sewanee University; "Meditations on Gout," by George H. Ellwanger; "Wisdom and Destiny," a volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck; "The Life of Napoleon III.," by Archibald Forbes, with 40 illustrations; "Hawaii in Time of Revolution," by Miss Mary H. Krout, who went to the island as correspondent soon after the outbreak of the recent revolution; "Africa, its Partition and its Future," by Henry M. Stanley and others, among the "others" being J. Scott Keltie and Sir George T. Goldie.

A new volume of short stories, entitled "Afterwards," by Ian MacLaren; "A Woman of Fortune," by S. R. Crockett; "Tattle Tales of Cupid," a collection of humorous short stories by Paul Leicester Ford; a volume of "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome; "John Splendid," a story by Neil Munro, and "Alwyn," a poetic romance by Theodore Watts-Dunton, which has had much advance noticing.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York," compiled in large part from original documents, by the order of the Corporation of Trinity Church, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, will be completed in three volumes, with portraits and views, and will be issued in a limited edition of 750 copies, printed from type. "Saladin, and the Fight for the Holy Land," by Stanley Lane-Poole; "Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man-of-Letters," with historical introductions and notes, by James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University, with the Collaboration of Henry Winchester Rolfe of Swarthmore College; "The Book of the Master," a study of the Great Pyramid, by W. Marsham Adams; the first volume of "Tales of the Heroic Ages," by Mme. Zenaïde A. Ragozin; "Great Words of Great Americans," edited by Paul Leicester Ford; "The Groundwork of Science," by St. George Mivart; and "The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America," an introduction to the history and politics of Spanish-America, by Prof. Bernard Moses of the University of California.

D. Appleton & Co.

One of the most important books on this list is "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley," edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester, in four volumes of about 500 pages each. These volumes, jointly edited by the foremost physiologist and the leading zoologist of England, are intended to place his most strictly scientific work within reach of the student. They are said to be very readable, and many of them announce important biological discoveries.—"Recollections of the Civil War," by Charles A. Dana, with portrait; "Spanish Literature," by J. Fitz Maurice-Kelly; "Admiral Porter," by James Russell Soley, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy; "The Story of the Railroad," by Cy Warman, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and others; and a new volume in the Story of the West Series, edited by Ripley Hitchcock. "Her Memory," by Maarten Maartens; "The Phantom Army," by Max Pemberton; "David Harum," a story of American life, by Edward Noyes Westcott; "A Herald of the West," a romance of 1812, by J. A. Altsheuler; and "The House of Hidden Treasure," by Maxwell Gray.

Doubleday & McClure Co.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," by Neltje Blanchan, and "The Popular Ornithology," by the same author, whose "Bird Neighbors" has been so successful; Sergt. Bourgoyne's "Memoirs of 1812-1813," a book that has run through many editions in Paris and gives personal adventures (compiled from his diary) of a sergeant in a regiment of Napoleon's Old Guard; "The Rescue," a tale of the Shallows, by Joseph Conrad; "The Eye of a God," and other tales of east and west, by W. A. Fraser; "The Life and Character of Gen. U. S. Grant," by Hamlin Garland, who, it is said, has traveled 25,000 miles in quest of his material, visited every place where Gen. Grant ever lived and all his battlefields, and talked personally with every intimate friend of Grant's now living, who could help him in his work; "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Life and Teachings of Christ by the Four Evangelists," with an introduction by Canon Farrar; "Military Europe," by Gen. Nelson A. Miles; "How to Plan the Home Grounds," by Samuel S. Parsons, Jr.; "Model Houses for Little Money," by Wm. L. Price, whose plans have attracted wide attention in *The Ladies Home Journal*; "The People of Our Neighborhood," by Miss Mary E. Wilkins; and "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee," "from the diary of No. 5 on after port gun," a book for boys, describing the adventures of the Naval Reserves during the Spanish-American War. We have already mentioned that this firm is to publish "The Day's Work," a collection of short stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; "As We Grow Old," a novel by Dr. Maurice Jokai; and Miss Gertrude Hall's translation of M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Henry Holt & Co.

"A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century," by Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale; "Essays on Education," and "Essays on Economics," both by the late Francis A. Walker; "The Science of Finance," by Prof. Henry C. Adams of the University of Michigan; "Music and Musicians," by Albert Lavignac, translated by William Marchant and edited with a chapter on American Music by H. E. Krehbiel, with numerous illustrations; "Modern American Oratory," speeches, each entire, by noted orators, edited by Ralph C. Ringwalt, instructor in Columbia, and "A Political History of Contemporary Europe," by Charles Seignobos, edited by Prof. S. M. MacVane of Harvard.

R. H. Russell

"Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, which has already been tried as a play by Mr. Sothern in Chicago; the translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" made by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard; "The Baronet and the Butterfly," by James McNeill Whistler; and "London Types," by W. Nicholson. Among his American books Mr. Russell announces "Knickerbocker New York," illustrated by Mr. Maxfield Parrish, with cover design in colors; "Political Hits," cartoons by Mr. W. A. Rogers; "Drawings by F. H. Lungren"; "The Arkansaw Bear," for children, by Albert Bigelow Paine and Frank Verbeck; and a volume of poems, "Shapes and Shadows," by Madison Cawein.

Longmans, Green & Co.

One of the most interesting of this firm's announcements is that of a new book of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, entitled "Problems of Modern Industry." The chapters, which are really essays in themselves, are written alternately by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. In the Fur, Feather and Fin Series will be a volume on "The Trout," by the Marquess of Granby, with special chapters by other experts. "The Metaphysics of Experience," by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson, consists of four books, distributed over as many volumes. In lighter vein is a story by Edna Lyall.

Harper & Bros.

"China in Transformation," by Archibald R. Colquhoun, correspondent of the London *Times*, with frontispiece, maps, and diagrams—a timely and important volume by a man who has had wide experience in the east; "Fables for the Frivolous," by Guy Wetmore Carroll; "A Study of a Child," by Louise E. Hogan, with colored frontispiece and many illustrations; "Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriman, originally published as a serial in *Harper's Monthly*; "The Adventurers," a novel by H. B. Marriott Watson; "Constitutional History of the American People," by Francis Newton Thorpe; "Our Expedition to Tibet," by A. H. Savage Landor; "A Thousand Days in the Arctic," by F. G. Jackson, copiously illustrated; "Old Chester Tales," by Mrs. Margaret Deland; and "Phases of an Inferior Planet," a novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose "Descendant" attracted more attention than is usually given to a first novel.

Charles Scribner's Sons

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," from *Scribner's Magazine*; Edward A. Fitzgerald's "In the Highest Andes," including the ascent at Mt. Aconcagua, with sixty full-page illustration from photographs by the author, reproduced mostly in photogravure; a new volume of Donald G. Mitchell's "American Lands and Letters"; "Our Navy in the Spanish War," by John R. Spears, the historian of the American Navy; "The Story of Spain Briefly Told," by Miss Mary Platt Parmele; "The Life and Letters of Eugene Field," by Slason Thompson; "Voyageuses," from the French of Paul Bourget by William Marchant; "Music and Manners from Pergolesi to Beethoven," by H. E. Krehbiel; "The Prayer-Book an Exponent of the Christian Life," by Archdeacon C. C. Tiffany; and "A Book on Ferns," by Mrs. William Starr Dana, the guide and friend of many an amateur naturalist.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The True Benjamin Franklin," by Sydney George Fisher; "The Nation's Navy," our ships and their achievements, from the first shot of the Revolution to the sinking of the Maine, by Charles Morris; "With Peary Near the Pole," by Eivind Astrup, with illustrations from photographs and sketches by the author, translated from the Norwegian by Mr. H. J. Bull; "A Tour Through the Famine Districts of India," by Mr. F. H. S. Merewether, with thirty-two full-page plates; "Clear Skies and Cloudy," a new volume of Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott's rambles; a fourth edition of Franklin's Autobiography, edited by the Hon. John Bigelow, revised and corrected, with additional notes; "Lamb, Coleridge and the Lloyds," a volume of unpublished correspondence which every lover of Elia will wish in his library; "An Independent Daughter," by Miss Amy E. Blanchard; and "From School to Battlefield," by Gen. Charles King.

Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A new edition of three of Miss Austen's stories—"Emma," "Mansfield Park," and "Sense and Sensibility"—is announced by this Company. Each volume is to contain 100 illustrations in pen-and-ink. Other interesting announcements are "Tekla," a romance by Robert Barr; "The Changeling," a novel by Sir Walter Besant; "The Haunts of Men," a novel by Robert W. Chambers, and "Ashes of Empire," by the same author; "Autobiographic Reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher," by T. J. Ellinwood, his stenographer for many years; "The Town Traveller," a picture of London life, by George Gissing; "How Music Developed," by W. J. Henderson; Benjamin Swift's "The Destroyer," "The Letters of Dean Swift," edited by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, and "Ships and Sailors," a collection of sea-songs edited by James Barnes and illustrated by Rufus Zogbaum.

The Macmillan Co.

The list of this house is so full that it is difficult to choose from it what will most interest the general reader. Perhaps nothing will interest him more than F. Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis." Mr. Crawford is a native of Italy and spent his childhood and youth in the Eternal City. For years he has been a student of the old Latin and Italian chronicles, and the true stories he has found there and retold in his own fluent and picturesque English prose, will have all the charm of fiction. In describing the ward in which the Vatican is situated, he will pay special attention to the present Pope. Twenty-eight full-page photographs and nearly 100 other illustrations will accompany the text.

Other books which, for one reason or other, will be looked for with special interest, are "The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson," edited by his son; "Cardinal Newman as Anglican and Catholic," by Edmund Sheridan Purcell; "The Biography of Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee; "The Two Magics," by Henry James; "The Great Salt Lake Trail," by Col. Henry Inman and Buffalo Bill; "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast," by F. R. Stockton; "Japan," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "Philadelphia," by Agnes Repplier; "The Philippine Islands and Their People," by Prof. Dean C. Worcester; Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," decorated by W. B. Macdougall; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," introduced by Mrs. Ritchie and illustrated by Hugh Thomson; "The New England Poets," by W. C. Lawton; "Four-Footed Americans and Their Kin," by Mabel Osgood Wright; and last but not least, "The Control of the Tropics," by Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution."

News comes from England that the publishing firm of Messrs. Bentley has just been absorbed by that of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Messrs. Bentley, "publishers in ordinary to the Queen," come third on the list of English publishers in point of age, only Messrs. Longmans and Messrs. Murray antedating them. The Bentleys were the publishers of Pepys's Diaries. *Bentley's Miscellany* was founded the year that the Queen ascended the throne, Dickens being its first editor. The story of "Oliver Twist" ran serially in its pages. By this change Messrs. Macmillan & Co. become the publishers of *Temple Bar* and *The Argosy*.

The Century Co.

"The Adventures of François," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with illustrations by Castaigne; "Good Americans," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, an international romance; "Gallop," a collection of short stories by Mr. David Gray; "Madame Butterfly," by John Luther Long, a collection of five stories about Japan, the title story being one of the most original and striking that have appeared in any magazine for a long time; "Home Economics," a guide to household management, by Miss Maria Parloa, with fifty-two illustrations; "Educational Reform," a volume of essays and lectures by President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University; a new edition of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," with an introduction by President Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University; "Cuba, Porto Rico and the Other West Indies," by Robert T. Hill, a comprehensive work by a well-known traveler and student; and the "Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks. New "Thumb-Nails" will be Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack," edited by Benjamin E. Smith, and "The Cricket on the Hearth," with introduction by Joseph Jefferson.

John Lane

"The Californians," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; "A New Book of Golden Age Stories," by Kenneth Graham; "A New Book of Essays," by Mrs. Alice Meynell; "Volpone," by Ben Jonson, illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, who was engaged upon this work at the time of his death and long before; "Godfrida," by John Davidson; "Pierette: Her Book," by H. de Vere Stoepoole, illustrated by Charles Robinson; and "A Man from the North," by E. A. Bennet.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

"Japan, China, Korea, and the Philippines," as seen from an American cruiser in the East, by Chief-Engineer John D. Ford, U. S. N., who was with Farragut in 1863 as third-assistant engineer on the Richmond, and with Dewey at Manila as fleet engineer on the Baltimore. The book is profusely illustrated. "A Cape Cod Week," by Annie Eliot Trumbull, is a brightly-written fantasy, in which on the basis of a holiday visit are embroidered various feminine views of the masterful man, the Arc de Triomphe, Thermopylae, Tremont Street, and Dutch Windmills. Doris, Doto Dynamine, Kallianassa and Melite notwithstanding their classical names are up-to-date young women, who, as Theocritus says, "know everything,"—even a little of what they are commonly supposed not to know.

Publications Received

- Army and Navy of the United States. \$1.
 Appleton's Dictionary of Greater New York. 30c.
 Baker, W. S. Washington After the Revolution.
 Baldwin, J. M. The Story of the Mind.
 Bates, F. O. The Five Post-Kleisthenean Tribes.
 Becke, L., and Jeffery W. The Mutineer.
 Beers, H. A. From Chaucer to Tennyson.
 Berkowitz, H. Kiddush, or Sabbath Sentiment.
 Burke, E. Letter to a Noble Lord. Ed. by A. H. Smyth.
 Carman, B. By the Aurelian Well. \$1.
 Chamberlain, L. T. The State. 50c.
 Cheyne, T. K. Jewish Religious Life After the Exile. \$1.50.
 Cornill, C. H. History of the People of Israel. \$1.50.
 Coutts, F. B. M. Revelation of St. Love the Divine. \$1.25.
 Crabb, W. D. Lyrics of the Golden West. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co.
 Curry, J. L. M. Principles, Acts, and Utterances of John C. Calhoun. University of Chicago Press.
 Curtis, G. W. Early Letters to John S. Dwight. Ed. by G. W. Cooke. Harper & Bros.
 Dabney, J. P. Songs of Destiny and Others. E. P. Dutton & Co.
 Dail, C. C. Adam Answered. Kansas City: C. C. Dail.
 Davey, R. Cuba Past and Present. \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Donovan, S. K. Where Will this Path Lead? Norwalk, O.: Laning Printing Co.
 Dryden's Palamon and Arcite. Ed. by Eliot, G. E. Ginn & Co.
 Gallon, T. Dickey Monteith. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
 Gaullieur, H. The Paternal State in France and Germany. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.
 Gay, G. E. Problems in Arithmetic. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co.
 Gilchrist, R. M. Willowbrake. 6s. London: Methuen & Co.
 Grahame, K. The Headswoman. 35c. John Lane.
 Greene, S. P. McL. The Moral Imbeciles. Harper & Bros.
 Griswold, R. W. Passages from the Correspondence of. Cambridge: W. M. Griswold.
 Growell, A. Book-Trade Bibliography in the U. S. in the XX Century.
 Hale, S. Men and Manners of the 18th Century. Printed for the Diddin Club.
 Hanscom, A. E. Perennia. \$1. Chautauqua Century Press.
 Harrison, J. A. Spain in History. Cleveland: Helman-Taylor Co.
 Henderson, A. P. The Rainbow's End. Akron, O.: The Werner Co.
 Henty, G. A. The Queen's Cup. \$1. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
 Hoffman, F. S. The Sphere of Science. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
 Hubbard, E. Daniel Webster. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Huc, M. Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China. (2 vols.) Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
 Hutchinson, W. The Gospel According to Darwin. \$1.50. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
 Irving, L. Godefroi and Yolande. John Lane.
 Joy, J. R. Twenty Centuries of English History. Chautauqua Century Press.
 Judson, H. P. Europe in the 19th Century. Chautauqua Century Press.
 Kent, C. W. Graphic Representation of English and American Literature.
 Keplinger, L. W. Adam's Answer. Henry Holt & Co.
 King, C. R. Life and Correspondence of Rufus King. \$3. Kansas City: L. W. Keplinger.
 Kipling, R. Barrack Room Ballads. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Koch, T. W. Dante Society's Annual Report. San Francisco: Wm. Doney.
 Leipziger, H. M. Report of Free Lectures to the People. Ginn & Co.
 Lloyd, H. M. Labor Copartnership. \$1. Harper & Bros.
 Lyie, E. O. Elements of Grammar and Composition. American Book Co.
 Lyie, E. O. Elementary English. 35c. American Book Co.
 Masson, T. The Yankee Navy. \$1. Life Pub. Co.
 Monroe's James. Writings. Ed. by S. M. Hamilton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Morgan, C. L. Psychology for Teachers. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Morris, Chas. The Nation's Navy. J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Mortimer, Chas. Captain Antle, the Sailor's Friend. Darnell & Upham.
 Nilsson, V. Loddafnismal. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.
 O'Neill, Rev. J. L. Jerome Savonarola. \$1. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.
 Page, R. L. Poems of American Patriotism. \$1. C. Page & Co.
 Pratt, C. S. Buzz-Buzz: His Twelve Adventures. Life Pub. Co.
 Redway & Hinman. Natural Advanced Geography. \$2.50. American Book Co.
 Reference Catalogue of Current Literature. 2 vols. 1896. Publishers' Weekly.
 Richter, J. P. Selections from. Ed. by G. S. Collins. American Book Co.
 Roberts, C. G. D. New York Nocturnes. \$1. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
 Robinson, H. B. Chester. W. B. Conkey Co.
 Rule, L. V. The Shrine of Love. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

